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CONTENTS.

GOV. NAPOLEON B. BROWARD—Frontispiece.

EDITORIALS. - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 429
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

Jerome: A Prosecuting Attorney—Two Unsound and Vicious Decisions—Corporation Anchors to Windward Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi—Editorial Notes.

THE END OF OLD PARTYISM - - - - - *A. H. Livingston* 540

WHY "REAL" MONEY MUST BE BETTER - *Albert Griffin* 452

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON *Thos. E. Watson* 461

THE DRAINAGE OF THE EVERGLADES - *Illustrated* 471

ANN BOYD. A Serial Story. - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 497

YUSSUF, THE YAZIDEE. A Short Story - - *Frank E. Anderson* 486

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD. - - - - - 495

CAPE JESSAMINES. Poem - - - - - *Hilton R. Greer* 512

FIDDLIN' JIM. Poem - - - - - - *Horace M. Ellington* 513

BOOK REVIEWS - - - - - - - - 514

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. - - - - 517

STRIVINOS. Poem - - - - - - - *Mary Chapin Smith* 520

FARMERS' UNION DEPARTMENT. - - - 521

BACK TO THE WOODS. Poem - - - - *Thos. Harrison Daniel* 522

PRESS OPINIONS OF US. - - - - - 523

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NAPOLEON B. BROWARD,
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Editorials.

Jerome: A Prosecuting Attorney.

As City Attorney of New York, Mr. William Travers Jerome has held a position of national prominence. Because of a certain independence which he affected, he was regarded as a man who belonged to the class of Folk and LaFollette—a man who was honest, brave, impartial and devoted to Duty.

He was heralded as the Prosecuting Officer who means to vindicate the outraged Majesty of the Law in the modern Babylon. He loudly proclaimed his purpose to bring big criminals to justice. He shook his clenched fist in the direction of the Life Insurance thieves, and the Traction Company robbers, and vowed to high heaven that he would pursue the law-breakers, relentlessly, no matter how rich they were, nor how strong.

Alas! Mr. Jerome has not kept faith. Mr. Jerome has broken his pledges—broken them in letter, broken them in spirit.

Instead of hounding down the Life Insurance thieves, he gave them such aid as no attorney for the defense could have given them.

The partner of J. P. Morgan stole $47,000 of the trust funds of the New York Life Insurance Company. The fact was not in dispute. Geo. W. Perkins, the thief, admitted that he had taken the money. It was a portion of the trust funds committed to his care as Director of the Life Insurance Company. By the terms of his trust, Perkins had no right to use the money for any other purpose than to pay necessary expenses of the Company, and to meet the demands of widows and orphans when the policies matured.

To use the trust fund for any other purposes than these was to misappropriate it, and, in law and morals, the misappropriation of a trust fund is LARCENY AFTER TRUST.

J. P. Morgan's partner, Geo. W. Perkins did misappropriate the trust fund committed to his keeping.

He gave $47,000 of it to himself to reimburse himself for $47,000 which he had given to the Republican Campaign fund.

Suppose the Custodian of U. S. funds at one of our Custom Houses should give $47,000 of public money to a campaign fund, would the act be lawful, or unlawful?

Suppose the Treasurer of one of the States of the Union should give $47,000 of public money to a Campaign Committee, would the act be lawful, or unlawful?

Suppose the Treasurer of a Railroad Company should, without the knowledge and consent of the stockholders, take $47,000 of the corporation's money and give it to a political campaign, does any one doubt that the act would constitute Larceny after Trust?

In each of the foregoing cases, there can be no question of the legal and moral guilt of the person who

should thus make use of the trust funds in a manner *contrary to the purpose for which the fund was entrusted to his care.*

Now, the act of Perkins was absolutely within the scope of the penal statute which makes it a felony to use the trust funds *in any way contrary to the purposes of the trust.*

He did not pay necessary operating expenses with it; he did not satisfy insurance policies with it; he contributed these sacred trust monies to a campaign boodle fund intended to debauch voters.

So far as the legal intendment of his act is concerned, he might as well have lost the amount at a game of Faro, or upon Belmon't race-track.

He cannot even pretend that the consent of the policy-holders could be fairly assumed, for he gave the money to the Republican Corruption fund,—whereas, perhaps one-half of the people to whom the fund belonged were Democrats.

There was no *referendum.* Stockholders were not consulted. There was no *prorating* of the slush fund between the Democratic boodlers and the Republican corruptionists. No: Perkins gave *all* of it to the Republicans.

Mr. Jerome is a Democrat, isn't he?

Yes, that's the tag he wears.

Naturally, therefore, you would suppose that having a perfectly clear case against Perkins, *and against Perkin's Republican partners,* the vaunted courage of Mr. Jerome would assert itself and that he could bring these high heads low.

But to the disgust and amazement of all honest people, Mr. Jerome flunked.

Not only did he refuse to go up against Perkins, *and those who stood back of Perkins,* but he became the most active and useful attorney for the defence.

He did for Perkins, *and those back of Perkins,* what no other lawyer could have done.

He made it to *affirmatively appear of record that Perkins had acted in the honest belief that he was benefitting the Company whose money he stole,* and that he had derived no personal advantage from the misappropriation of the trust funds.

No lawyer for the defense could have got *that* admission into the record. No one but a State's attorney, *colluding with the defendant at the bar,* could have got such an admission before the court.

Why so?

For the simple reason that the gist of Larceny after Trust is *the wrongful conversion* of trust funds, and *not the intent* with which it is done.

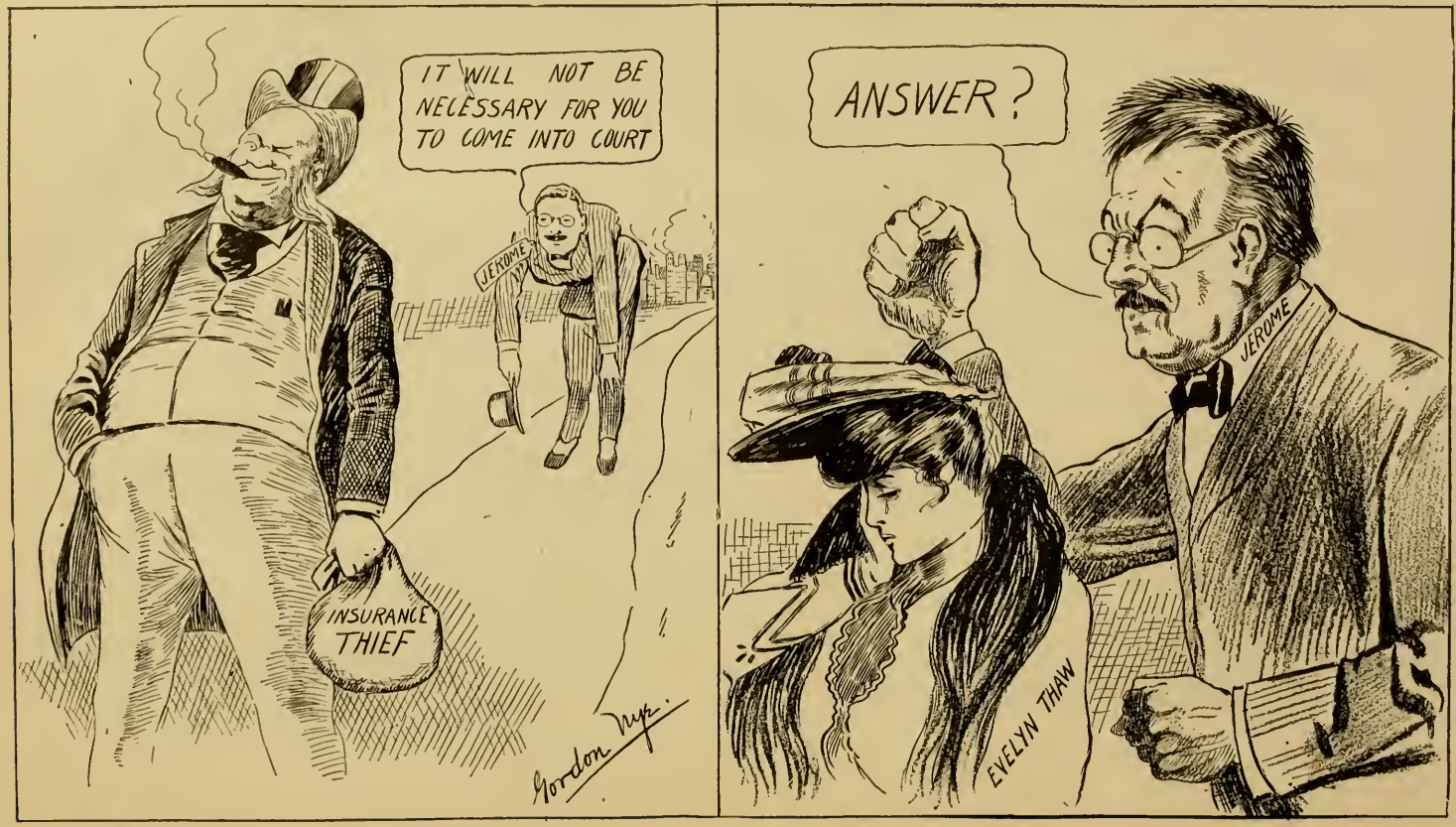
If you put your money into my hands for a special purpose, and I *convert these funds to some other purpose,*—no matter with what intent—I have wrongfully converted your money to some other use than that intended by you, and *I am guilty of Larceny after Trust.*

Arraigned for that crime, how could my lawyer secure the admission of evidence that *I did not mean* to do wrong, but *meant* to benefit you?

Could any lawyer introduce testimony to establish the fact that I staked your money on a horse-race, honestly believing that I would double your pile?

Such an idea is monstrous.

Suppose some charitable or religious partisan takes it into his head that $47,000 of the Trust Funds of the Equitable Life Assurance Society will be beneficially applied if given to the Y. M. C. A., or to the W. C. T. U., or to the Salvation Army, or to the spreading of the Gospel among the heathen nations of the earth:—can that honestly-intended partisan give away the Trust Funds to any of the objects stated above?


IT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY FOR YOU TO COME INTO COURT
JEROME
INSURANCE THIEF
Gordon Nye.
ANSWER?
JEROME
EVELYN THAW

If the decision in the Perkins case is good law, HE CAN.

According to Mr. Jerome and a majority of the Judges of the New York Court of Appeals, anybody who is custodian of Trust Funds *can steal them with impunity,*—PROVIDED HIS INTENTIONS ARE GOOD.

Hereafter, thieves will merely have to prove that they meant well,—and go free.

Under the decision in the Perkins case, it would be impossible to convict any thief, provided he stole with honest intent and got no personal benefit.

Steal for the Church—and it is all right.

Steal for Charity and it is all right.

Steal food to give to the hungry and it is all right.

Steal money to give alms to the poor and it is all right.

Steal trust funds to give boodle to Campaign Committees, and it is all right.

Provided, you first get the Prosecuting Attorney so well fixed, *on your side,* that he will obligingly put into the record certain admissions which *your* lawyer could not get therein to save his life.

Even then, scan the make-up of the Court anxiously, for after all of Mr. Jerome's eager aid to the criminals in the Perkins case, the Judges were painfully divided.

"Five to four" was a close call for Perkins, *and the big criminals back of Perkins;* and when you remember that the lawyers on *both sides of the case* worked for the accused, you can form a correct idea of how very rotten the whole thing was.

Mr. Jerome himself seems aware of his immense loss of prestige. He has dropped from the class of Folk and LaFollette into that of McClennan. *And he feels it.*

Therefore, when the case of poor Harry Thaw came on, Mr. Jerome made profert of all his gigantic dimensions. He seemed intensely concerned to show the country how he could fight when aroused. The eyes of America and Europe were upon him, and he assumed his lordliest attitude.

With hammer and tongs, he went against that frail sister of ours,—Evelyn Nesbit,—and as the great Jerome turned one leaf after another in the soiled book of her wretched life, he has posed to the galleries and, by mannerism, asked, *"Did you ever see such a giant as I?"*

Great Jerome! He breaks a butterfly on the wheel, and then awaits for the universe to applaud. Contemptible!

He was not man enough to beard Belmont and Ryan in the midst of their rascalities.

He was not man enough to grapple with the self-confessed thieves of Trust Funds like Perkins and Morgan.

No: he shrank in his very soul and trembled like a coward every time he was dared by the Independent Press *to go forward and redeem his campaign pledges.*

Further than that, he went over to the very criminals he had promised to bring to Justice, and became their most pliant, servile, devoted slave.

He prostituted the powers of his high office to save a thief. He was recreant to his Trust, false to his Duty, a traitor to the people, a coward when confronted with criminals who wielded power.

He swore he would smash the big gamblers of New York:—and he made a pitiful little surrender to Richard Canfield when that boss gambler shook his threatening finger at the empty *poseur,* Wm. Travers Jerome.

He swore he would trace out the Traction and Life Insurance law-breakers, even though the tracks led to the offices of Ryan and Belmont:—and as soon as the tracks led up to the really big thieves, Mr. Jerome went into blue funk and exhausted the resources of his office to save the criminals from punishment.

Four of the five Judges of the New York Court of Appeals virtually told Mr. Jerome that *he* was the man who had made it impossible for the Court to convict Perkins.

He, the Prosecuting Attorney, had so fixed the record that five out of the nine felt that, *in view of what Jerome had put into the record,* a conviction should not stand!

Now, *a man who backs down from big men,* from strong men, *is just the man to bully the weak,* to trample upon the feeble.

Therefore, one is not surprised when Mr. Jerome, who had backed off from the Ryan-Belmont-Morgan-Perkins type of criminals, should swell out his chest, roar like a monarch of the forest, and crush with the strength of Hercules—whom?

A pitiful little waif of the Tenderloin, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

Such brutality as Jerome exhibited in the crucifixion of this erring sister, has never been seen before in a court room. Even in Europe, the coarse, heartless, purposeless exposure that he has compelled this woman to make of herself has aroused sympathy for her and indignation against her torturer.

How the presiding Judge could have permitted that cross-examination is a puzzle.

The indecent manner in which this frail creature has been made to expose herself in no way illustrated the motive of Harry Thaw for shooting Stanford White.

The whole case turned upon the mental condition of Thaw at the time the fatal shot was fired; and when Mr. Jerome took Evelyn Nesbit step by step, to every disgraceful detail of her life, his conduct was a discredit to him both as a lawyer and a gentleman.

As a lawyer, he was bound to know that individual acts of Evelyn, no matter how degrading to her, could not by any possibility, throw light upon *the mental state of her husband caused by what she told him.*

Whether she told him the truth or not, was wholly immaterial. The question was, *"Did she tell him certain things, and did he act upon the honest belief that what she told him was true?"*

The only other question was, *"What state or mind did his wife's revelations create in Harry Thaw?"*

Every criminal lawyer in the land knows that these were the questions in the case.

Therefore, when Mr. Jerome took this young wife and compelled her to tell, *in the hearing of her husband,* and of all the world, the guilty secrets of her blasted life he was guilty of cowardice, a cruelty, a despotic brutality which damns him forever in the eyes of right minded sound-hearted people.

He had the power, under the mysterious ruling of the Court, to drag this fallen woman through all the slime and filth of her past life, and he used that power like a scavenger who dotes on filth. Because the presiding Judge gave him the license to act the obscene brute, he did so, without reason, without intelligent object, without mercy, without shame,—to the discredit of the profession to which he belongs, to the debasement of the high position he holds, and to the disgrace of himself as a man.

Two Unsound and Vicious Decisions.

I.

In the "Life of Webster," by Henry Cabot Lodge, the scholarly and candid biographer gives a most interesting account of the manner in which the Federalist prejudices of Chief Justice John Marshall were played upon to secure a decision in favor of the corporation in the celebrated Darmouth College Case.

Marshall was unquestionably a man of towering intellect and of crystal honesty, but a more violent and persistent partisan never breathed the breath of life.

To hate Thomas Jefferson and the Democratic theory of government, as upheld by the third President, was with John Marshall the equivalent of religious duty. Throughout the whole of his long career as Chief Justice, his decisions did more to consolidate the powers of government, lop off the rights of the States, and to broaden the scope of Federal authority than all the Acts of Congress and all the encroachments of Presidents, put together.

It so happened that the Darmouth College corporation was Federalist. In politics, therefore, it was what John Marshall himself was.

It happened, furthermore, that the State authorities which sought to modify the charter of the College were Democratic. In politics, they were Jeffersonians.

Very shrewdly, a campaign was set on foot whose object was to get these "outside facts" to the knowledge of Chief Justice Marshall.

It was delicate matter, requiring tactful management, but the program succeeded.

By the time the case came on for a final hearing, Marshall's feelings as a Federalist had been fully aroused, and the old war horse was champing the bit.

In his mind the facts presented a case of a poor little innocent and benevolent institution of learning—pure in its morals, its work and its politics—threatened with ruin by vile Democrats, by mere irreverent and jacobinical followers of Tom Jefferson.

Upon this state of mind, Daniel Webster played with consummate address. He argued a little, he declaimed a great deal, he revelled in lofty sentiment, he got off a bit of superb acting, and he shed a few tears.

It was enough.

To snatch a Federalist dove from the talons of the Democratic hawk, this half-frenzied partisan, Judge Marshall made up a decision which is unsound in law, vicious in its consequences, and utterly at war with common sense.

* * *

The gist of the celebrated Dartmouth College decision is that a corporation charter is *a contract* which cannot be impaired by subsequent legislative action.

Never before in the history of the world had any such dogma been judicially announced.

In England, such a principle was unknown to the law.

The universal ruling had been that a charter was the mere act of *creation* of the corporation, and that a corporation once created became a citizen—*an artificial person*,—and was, like other citizens, subject to such changes in the laws of the land as might be legally made.

Thus in England, the natural person and the artificial person were placed, as far as was compatible with

the differences between the two, on exactly the same footing.

But, the effect of the astonishing decision of Judge Marshall in the Dartmouth College Case was to exalt the corporation *above* the individual, *the artificial* above *the natural* person, the *law-made* creature to the *God-made* man.

The natural person takes his place in the community with the understanding that his status may be altered by the community at any time—provided the change is made in the legally appointed way. Every natural person of every State in this Union knows that Congress, or the State in which he lives, may at any time amend or repeal the existing laws, and make other laws which vitally affect him in life, liberty and property.

The natural person must submit to these changes in the law—*or get out.*

But, according to the Dartmouth College Case, a corporaton occupies a higher and better position than a natural person. The status of the latter may be changed by law; that of the former cannot.

The proposition is monstrous on the face of it.

* * *

Again, no English judge ever held *that a charter was a contract.* No judge, *anywhere,* had ever so held.

More in the nature of a *License,* a Charter *authorizes certain persons* to establish a college, a church, a hospital, or to dig a canal, build a railroad, or publish a newspaper.

The State grants the Charter, or the License, but *the State cannot compel the corporation to establish the college,* the church, the hospital, or to dig the canal, build the railroad or to publish the newspaper.

If the Charter were *in fact,* a Contract, the State *could* compel the parties incorporated to do the thing contemplated, for *a Contract binds both contracting parties, equally.*

Inasmuch as no lawyer or judge has ever claimed that the State had the power to compel the corporation to carry out the purpose expressed in the Charter. The very first essential of a contract is lacking.

A Charter, therefore, does not bind both parties and cannot be a Contract. It merely calls in existence an artificial person *and authorizes that person* to do a certain thing.

* * *

Behind the deplorable decision of Chief Justice Marshall, the corporations have intrenched themselves. Upon this decision, they have raised the walls of their empire. Against this powerful bulwark, they confidently expect that the waves of public indignation against corporation wrong will break in vain.

And their confidence might be justified were it not for one tremendous fact which has thus far been overlooked: *the franchises of the corporations have been misused, and can be forfeited by the States which granted them.*

Every railroad corporation which has violated the law; which has granted secret rebates; which has been guilty of discriminations; which has furnished shipping facilities to one patron while refusing them to another; which has aided a Trust of any kind to stifle competition, HAS FORFEITED ITS CHARTER.

Such acts as those enumerated above are tantamount to that *Misuser* of Franchise which, in law, works a forfeiture, just as *Nonuser* and *Surrender* of Charter put an end to the life of the artificial person called a Corporation.

Of course, the rule applies, also, to Telegraph, Telephone and Express Companies.

This phase of the question will be discussed more fully in subsequent numbers.

II.

Another principle which has been established by judicial decision, and which is equally vicious, is that which annuls as unconstitutional Acts of Congress, or of State Legislatures, which are alleged to be "Confiscatory," in their application to corporations.

* * *

The Vanderbilt family waters the stock of the New York Central Railroad to the amount of one hundred million dollars, we will say.

Now, suppose the New York Legislature fixes a passenger rate and a freight rate which are so low that the Vanderbilts cannot earn a dividend upon the honest capitalization of the road *and at the same time, a dividend upon the watered stock.*

What happens?

The Vanderbilts take the case into Court, make the issue that the rate fixed by the Legislature is *"Confiscatory,"* and the Court declares the law to be unconstitutional.

Because they are not allowed to earn profits upon fictitious valuation, as well as upon actual investment, the law has "Confiscated" their property!

The same illustration can be made by using the names of the owners of any other system of railroads, for they have all been watered, over and over again, until it is estimated that the sum total of fictitious capitalization in our railroads is $7,000,000,000 —saying nothing of Telegraph, Telephone and other public service corporations.

* * *

By what right do the Courts hold that a corporation is *legally entitled to earn a net profit* on its business *before* it shall be made to bear any part of the public burdens?

Is such a tender consideration shown for citizens engaged in any other business?

Does the *Town,* the *County,* the *State* or the *Nation* refrain from putting taxes upon the merchant until it is first ascertained that said merchant will still have a net profit left in his business *after* allowing for the tax?

Such a suggestion would be laughed out of countenance.

A thousand and one considerations enter into any business enterprise, and its success or failure depend upon circumstances which the *Town* and the *State* and the *Nation* cannot always control, even if they tried.

How can the Government—Municipal, State or Federal—safeguard the individual merchant, banker, lawyer, doctor, publisher, or farmer against mistakes due to his own carelessness, want of natural capacity and foresight, lack of economy and prudence, weakness of judgment and willpower?

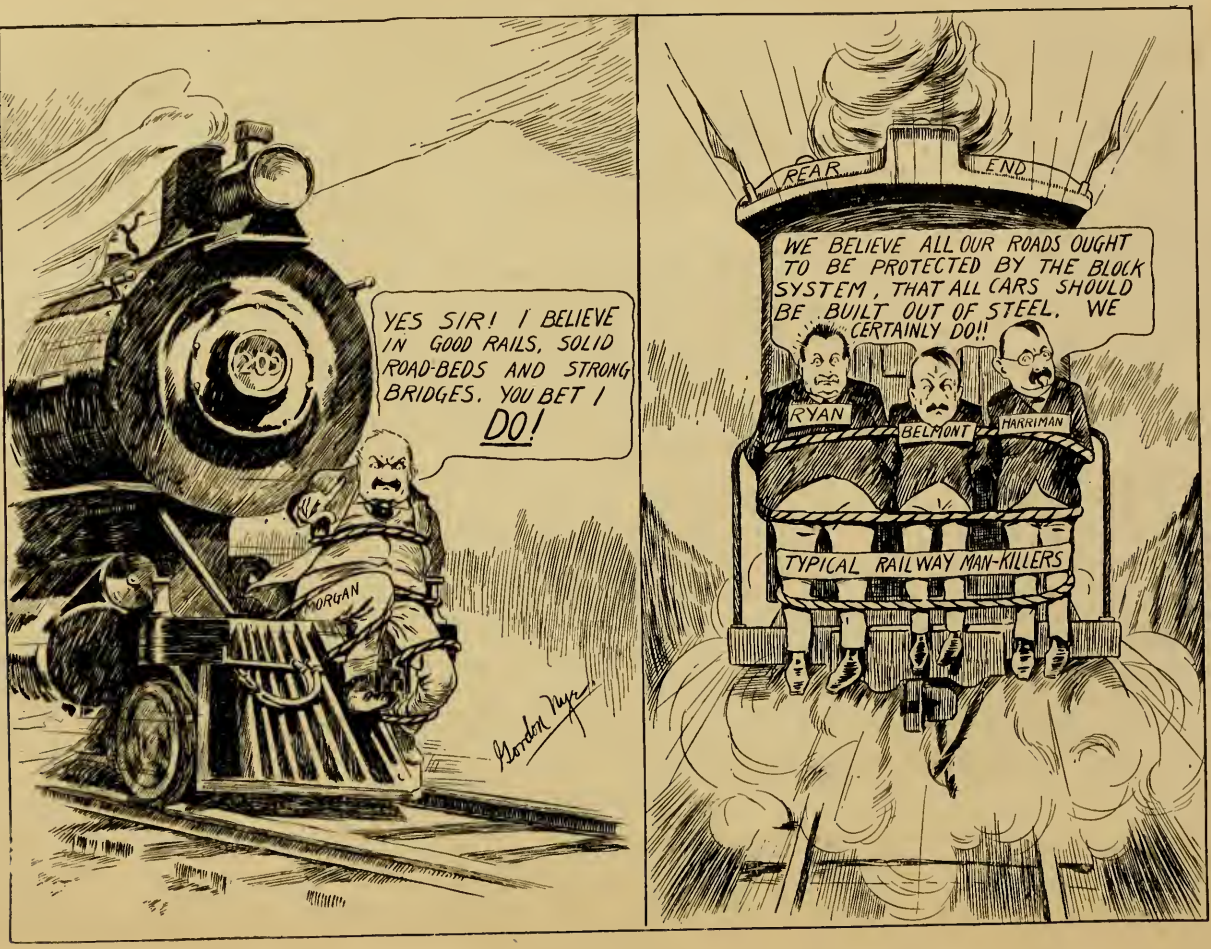
It is obvious to every one that the Government cannot undertake to do anything of the kind.

The mere suggestion that before the State can lay a tax upon a banker, a merchant or a farmer it must first go through his books and figure out that he will still have a net profit left *after the payment of the tax,* is too absurd to be stated seriously.

Yet the railroad lawyers have actually committed some of our judges to that ridiculous principle!

Before the State can impose a tax, or enforce a reduction in rates, there must be a general overhauling of books, an investigaton of bond issues, of expense accounts for *this,* and expense accounts for *that,* for the purpose of ascertaining whether the corporation will be left with a net profit of reasonable amount *after* the tax shall have been paid, or the reduction in rates enforced.

If no such net profit will be left to the corporation, then the tax or the reduction in rates will be unconstitutional, because it is *"Confiscatory."*


YES SIR! I BELIEVE IN GOOD RAILS, SOLID ROAD-BEDS AND STRONG BRIDGES. YOU BET I DO!
MORGAN
REAR END
WE BELIEVE ALL OUR ROADS OUGHT TO BE PROTECTED BY THE BLOCK SYSTEM, THAT ALL CARS SHOULD BE BUILT OUT OF STEEL. WE CERTAINLY DO!!
RYAN
BELMONT
HARRIMAN
TYPICAL RAILWAY MAN-KILLERS

How monstrous, how unjust to all other citizens, how partial to corporate wealth, how paralyzing to the powers of government.

The failure of a corporation to make net profits may be due to a thousand and one causes—as is the case with the individual.

The affairs of the corporation may be badly managed; its relations to other corporations may be disadvantageous to it; the salaries paid to high officials may be too large; its revenues may be frittered away in free passes, private cars and other forms of petty graft; its trains may be operated by cheap employees, and the wrecks which result may entail upon the corporation enormous expenses in the way of damage suits; it may spend too much of its money upon lobbyists, politicians, editors, legislators, judges and Congressmen; it may concede too much to the Trusts in the granting of rebates; it may have an inside clique of stockholders who own stock, likewise, in the Express Companies and *this clique may so contract with the Express Companies that the latter systematically milk the railroads of its best business;* it may be "reorganized" and Morganized several times until the expertest book-keepers on earth cannot unravel the fraudulent from the honest capitalization, and the back-bone of the corporation may be broken by fictitious bonds and stock—a dishonest load put upon it by its own managers.

These are a few of the reasons why some corporations may not earn a net profit. Where a failure to earn dividends are traceable to any of these causes, the corporation has none but itself to blame for its non-success.

Yet, acording to the principle of these absurd *"Confiscatory"* decisions, the State cannot tax the corporation, nor reduce its charges, *so long as its own mismanagement results in a lack of net revenue.*

Could anything be more preposterous?

Shall the State *indemnify* a corporation against its own incompetency? Shall the State *guarantee* net profits to wealth because it is corporate wealth?

* * *

When the Town, the County, the State, and the Nation come to fix the rate of taxation upon *natural persons,* no questions are asked about net earnings.

No books of account are examined. No plea of "Confiscatory" is entertained.

The government lays the tax, and the citizen pays it, *or is sold out.*

Tens of thousands of merchants and farmers have to quit the struggle every few years, because the sharpness of competition, the burden of necessary expenses *and the weight of taxes* leave nothing in the business.

With town taxes constantly increasing, with State and County taxes ever advancing, with a national tax of $45 laid, annually, upon every household in the Union is it any marvel that the public burdens often prove *"Confiscatory?"*

Even if national taxes were equitably distributed, the load would be prodigious, but the worst feature of it all is that those who are ablest to pay their share of the national taxes pay none at all.

The unprotected consumers of the middle and lower classes not only have to pay the full $45 quota levied upon his own home, but have to make good to the government the default of the Protected Classes who not only pay none of the tax themselves but who accumulate fabulous fortunes out of the Protective System.

Yet never once has the government, in arranging its Morrill schedules, or its McKinley schedules, or its Dingley schedules, paused to inquire whether a tax which *doubles the normal cost* of more than 3,000 articles

which the American consumer is compelled to buy, *will strike the last dollar of profit out of the business of tens of thousands of merchants and farmers.*

The plea of *"Confiscatory"* fights for the corporation only:—it draws no sword, holds up no shield, for the individual citizen.

* * *

Nor do the corporations themselves ever give the slightest consideration to the *"Confiscatory"* principle in fixing their own rates.

Remorselessly, they put such burdens upon certain communities and certain industries as crush the life out of them.

Against the Truckmen, against the Melon-grower, against the Fruit-grower, against the Independent wherever he is resisting the Trust, these ruthless corporations have hurled rates and discriminations which *Confiscate* net earnings, *Confiscate* the capital invested, *Confiscate* energy, enterprise and *hope!*

These lawless and heartless corporations are constantly using their tremendous power in a manner which Confiscates the labor and the capital of natural persons:—and when arraigned in a State Court they cry *"Inter-State Commerce,"* and take refuge behind some Federal Judge whom they can trust; and, when hotly pursued by honest Federal authorities, they grab hold of the horns of the altar and yell *"State's Rights!"*

* * *

It may be impossible to secure a reversal of the decision in the Dartmouth College Case. It may be impossible to get the Courts to see the folly of the *"Confiscatory"* rulings.

But the natural persons who are the victims of these corporations *must have relief;* and in every State the power to give that relief lies within easy reach.

THE STATE GRANTED EVERY ONE OF THE CHARTERS.

What the State gave, the State can take away.

Let us forfeit the charters, and take back to ourselves those vast powers which we unwisely yielded to artificial persons.

The right of *Eminent Domain* was invoked to take from private citizens the property which the corporations needed: let us invoke the State's right of *Eminent Domain* to take from the corporations and *restore to the public* those franchises which have been so cruelly, so persistently, so defiantly, and so ruinously used *against* us by the corporations.

Corporation Anchors to Windward.

The zeal with which our plutocratic bosses are casting anchors to windward is suggestive.

Andrew Carnegie plasters the future with a mortgage in the shape of Libraries.

Thomas F. Ryan builds a million-dollar cathedral for the Catholic Church.

J. P. Morgan donates rare tapestries, vases and paintings to Museums.

John D. Rockefeller "gives" $32,000,000 to education.

These are anchors to windward—every one of them—*and they cost the donors nothing.*

Before Andrew Carnegie gave a dollar to a Library, the people had first been robbed of the money. Governmental favor, governmental creation of Carnegie's monopoly, Governmental toleration of Carnegie frauds in the construction of battleships,—such were the foundations of the Carnegie fortune.

Just as Governmental Special Favors built up the Carnegie fortune,

so Special Privileges keep adding to it.

Inasmuch as those Special Privileges are granted at the expense of the great mass of the unprivileged, the Carnegie fortune is merely representative of Confiscation. The Government, by granting Carnegie certain Special Privileges which gave him a monopoly of the American market, put the consumer at his mercy. Armed with his law-made monopoly, Carnegie has plundered the helpless consumer in all parts of the Union, for the last forty years. No wonder that Carnegie is rich. No wonder that he has fattened on Confiscation. Enabled by law to exact from the millions of consumers two or three times more than the reasonable price of his products, it would have been strange, indeed, if Carnegie had not grown surpassingly rich.

Overflowing with ill-gotten gain, burdened with a fortune which represents the power of Privilege to plunder the Unprivileged, what does Carnegie do?

Endows Libraries with a trifling percentage of the profits of his law-made monopoly and thus courts popularity with the educated classes.

He wants to be known as a Philanthropist. He wants to have editors say that Carnegie is a public benefactor. He wants to have Public Opinion favorable to him so that when some reformer goes up against that law-made monopoly of his, the Press, the Pulpit, and Public Opinion generally, will cry out "Shame upon this Demagogue who would interfere with Carnegie's business and thus cut off supplies from our Libraries, Colleges and Schools!"

* * *

The Thomas Ryan fortune is also built upon the foundations of Special Privilege. With his railway Franchises, he can tax persons and goods as they wend their way to market. He can pour water into stocks and bonds until the original investment becomes a dwarf and the fictitious valuation a giant. At one time, he pours $108,000,000 of water into the stocks of the New York Traction Companies,—and then he builds a million-dollar church in Richmond, Virginia.

To the Church, therefore, Thomas Ryan comports himself as a liberal donor. He is devout and he is punctual. True he does not worship with the mere rabble—but who could expect him to do so? By special dispensation of the Pope, Thomas has a private chapel in his dwelling and a priest of his own:—a private wire, as it were, to the Throne of Grace. Which is most proper, for Thomas gives like a King and therefore is entitled to worship like a King.

Yes, Thomas Ryan gives like a King, and can well afford to do so, for before he had given a million dollars to the church, he had first taken away from the Common People $108,000,000 by his juggle with the stocks of the New York traction companies.

And *that was but one* deal out of a thousand that were just like it. The fortune of Thomas Ryan is founded, like that of Carnegie, upon Special Privilege and legalized confiscation.

Like the feudal robbers of old, he knows the value of priestly protection —hence he casts an anchor to the windward by making rich donations to the Church.

* * *

J. P. Morgan's wealth has its origin in the National Bank monopoly, as well as in the Railroad Franchise, the stock-watering swindle and the Wall Street connection with the National Treasury. The Morgan millions represent the extortions of Special Privilege, the fraudulent use of public franchises and the corrupt subserviency of public officials to Wall Street greed.

It is no wonder that Morgan can

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER." I GAVE 5 MILLION. ADVANCE OIL TWO CENTS.
STOP! THEY BUILT OUR CHURCH AND COLLEGE.
ROCKEFELLER
MORGAN
RYAN
LABOR
THE PEOPLE
STAND BACK! YOU SHALL NOT SHIELD THE CRIMINALS HIDING BEHIND YOU.
Gordon Nye

pay absurd prices for old manuscripts, old paintings, old mugs, old pots,—also for actresses, yachts and palaces. No wonder he can push his partners into the Cabinet. No wonder that he, a Republican, can hold under his foot half a dozen Southern Democratic States.

Special Privileges, exploiting the unprivileged, have yielded him such royal revenues that he can buy any man, or any woman, who is on the market.

He, also, casts his anchor to windward, having first wrung the price of the anchor out of the victims of the system that fattens him.

He can bend and bow to Rome; he can return with gracious messages a stolen cope; he can generously offer to become custodian of papal millions and guarantee a net revenue twice as large as those millions have heretofore been earning; he can make royal gifts to Museums; he can be lavish in Public Charities. It costs him nothing to do so, for he can tax every dollar of the money back into his own pocket by manipulating the manifold devices of Special Privilege.

* * *

As to Rockefeller, all the world knows his play. The Rebate which slew his competitor; the pitiless crushing of every form of rivalry; the corrupting of judges and lawmakers; the subsidizing of editors; the indirect bribery of the pulpit; the systematic contamination of Universities; the effort to saturate the minds of college students with Standard Oil,—it is all *so* familiar and so loathesome!

What one Chancellor Day says and does, Rockefeller would like to have a thousand Chancellors saying and doing.

And suppose we had ten thousand College Faculties iterating and reiterating the asinine brays of this Chancellor Day of Syracuse, would not the student world be contaminated with Standard Oil?

Would not tens of thousands of our college graduates come forth into the business world every year committed to the Rockefeller system,—honestly believing the Rockefeller system to be founded upon the eternal principles of Right?

Is not that the very object aimed at by Rockefeller when he "donates" $32,000,000 to education?

Of course, he does not really donate a cent. Every dollar that he goes through the form of "giving" will be taxed back into his pocket by advancing the price of oil. *That is his invariable habit.*

But when he turns loose $32,000,000 of his plunder, his purpose is to gain partisans, to have the Press praise him, to have Public Opinion cease its condemnation.

In other words, he casts anchors to windward. *He wants to make it to the interest of the honest friends of education to defend him.* He hopes to disarm the resentment and vengeance of the millions he has robbed. *He wants to buy off the Angel of Retribution.*

* * *

And to kill two birds with one stone, the long-headed old schemer makes his alleged donations *in stocks and bonds.*

NOT A DOLLAR OF ACTUAL MONEY DID HE EVEN PRETEND TO GIVE. He transferred a lot of paper, representing stocks in various corporations. Just how much of this stock represents water, we have no means of knowing. Just how much real money the wily hypocrite paid for the stock, no one knows.

The stock may have cost him twenty cents on the dollar, or ten cents on the dollar, *or may have cost him nothing.*

It may simply represent his share in some inside juggles with stocks and bonds where the inner ring of capitalists divided the spoil among them-

selves without the payment of a single dollar of *money.*

In that case, as Tom Johnson well said, Rockefeller will have laid a shrewd plan to balk those reformers *who will hereafter demand that the water be wrung out of over-capitalized corporations.*

Dozens of schools and colleges may spring up saying, "Don't squeeze the water of those stocks, for we are dependent upon them for our living. Rockefeller gave *us* stocks and bonds in those corporations, and you cannot wring the water out without ruining *us.*"

Thus the Rockefeller crowd will use the College President and the school-children as breastworks. Reformers will not be able to reach the rascally corporations for fear of hurting the school-children.

Behind the Priest, behind the College President, behind the school boy and girl the knavish but shrewd beneficiaries of Special Privilege will screen themselves, and laugh the honest reformer to scorn.

At least, so they intend. Whether his be of the best-laid plans of men and mice that will gang aglee, remains to be seen.

Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi.

To realize how false may be the impression made upon your mind by newspaper misrepresentation, you have but to know, as he really is, James K. Vardaman, Governor of Mississippi.

If you will listen to the talk of his enemies, you will think him a very bad man indeed—a sort of Catiline-Cade-Tillman combination. According to the average Northern editor and politician, Vardaman is an uncouth, lawless barbarian, whose only distinctive characteristic is hatred of the negro.

I myself have been so venomously libelled by the newspapers that, whenever I hear them unite in abusing some public man, my first impulse is to believe that he is *doing things to the Gang, and that the Gang* is trying to crush him.

That was my opinion in advance, about Vardaman—and that I now find, is the fact.

He has been fighting the organized gang of plunderers who in Mississippi, have been looting the convict system, who wanted to deliver the timber lands of the state to millionaire corporations, and who WANTED TO EXEMPT MONEY FROM TAXATION.

Think of *that,* will you!

Think of a gang which would deliberately tax a poor man's farm, which might be mortgaged to half its value, and yet exempt the rich man's *money,* which, of course, *represents a surplus!*

Well, Vardaman has fought *The Gang* on things like these, and has whipped it.

Therefore, the Gang hates him.

* * * * *

Personally, James K. Vardaman is a splendid specimen of manbood. Tall, strongly built, deep-chested, erect as an Indian chief, full-necked, his fine, open countenance clean shaven; his dark grey eyes glowing with animation as he talks. This Southern leader of forty-five, strikes me as one of the men to whom our Future will owe much.

He thinks for himself, and is not afraid to say what he believes. He has convictions: better still, he has noble purposes; better still, he is a man of the people; better still, *he does things that need to be done.*

* * * * *

Uncultured?

Why, Vardaman can quote more

of the best stuff that's to be found in our best books than any public man of my acquaintance. He will quote you the finest poetry, verse after verse, for hour after hour.

There is not a literary topic you can start up, there isn't a social question that can be mentioned, upon which he will not say something which proves that he has studied it, read the literature of it, and come to a definite conclusion.

Semi-barbarian?

Why, Governor Vardaman is *a gentleman to the finger tips.*

Self-respecting and, therefore, commanding respect, Gov. Vardaman is one of the most easily affable and courtly men of the day.

But the final test of every man is the home-life.

What is he in his home?

What is he at his own fireside—off the public stage where *the crowd* looks on *the play?*

What is he to wife and child,—and to chosen friends?

And it is *this* test which reveals the true beauty and innate worth of Vardaman's character for his home-life is ideal.

* * * * *

He came into my room in the morning, while I was still in bed, and half-dressed, his long black hair clustering upon his lionine head and flowing down that bull-neck of his—began to quote poetry.

Among others, he mentioned the hump-backed English poet, Henley, who was denied the Laureateship because he was not Orthodox; and who in defiant scorn flung out those lines which tell so much to those who can comprehend:

"Out of the night that shelters me
Black as a pit, from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but not bowed.

However straight may be the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my Fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Recited in Vardaman's sonorous and sympathetic voice, the words thrilled me through and through, for I felt as though I had found a twin brother who was speaking to me from over the Big Water.

Editorial Notes.

The last official order issued by the retiring Postmaster General, Hon. George B. Cortelyou, was in the highest degree creditable to him.

He has saved the country about $5,000,000 annually by directing that henceforth payments to railroads for the carriage of the mails shall be based upon honest weights.

Why should it ever have been otherwise? Why should the railroads ever have been paid five million dollars more than earned? Why should this dishonesty have gone on year after year, for so long a period?

Because the corporations have been running the Government.

Only that, and nothing more.

* * *

Heretofore, in arriving at *the average weight* upon which the railroads are to be paid for carrying the mails, the daily weights were taken, say for a period of three months.

The mail was weighed each day during the "weighing period," and thus the total weight ascertained.

But when it came to finding *the average* weight of the mail per day, during that period, *the number of Sundays embraced within the period were omitted.*

Thus, the mails were weighed for *a week of seven days,* but the average was taken on *a week of six days!*

Therefore, the railroads made a clear gain on the Government of one day in each week.

Seven days' mail, divided by six days, gave to the corporations a dishonest advantage of more than 14 per cent.

On the whole amount of mail carried, this 14 per cent dishonest advantage yielded the railroads $5,000,000 per year.

* * *

For example:

The railroads carried 700,000 lbs. mail for the week of seven days. The honest average *per day* was, of course, 100,000 lbs.

But that was not the average upon which they were paid.

The seven days' mail of 700,000 lbs. was divided by *six* instead of *seven!* Thus, the daily average was 116,666 lbs.

This average was forced and false to the extent of 16,666 lbs. per day.

Is it not marvelous that a great Government should collude with thieves in that way to rob the taxpayers?

* * *

Shameful as was this collusion between the Government and the railroads, what shall be said of *Congress after Congress which condoned the fraud and refused to stop it?*

Is it not astonishing that neither of the two great political parties would declare against the wrong?

During the short session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress which expired March 4th last, some feeble efforts were made to have the mails honestly weighed, but those efforts failed.

Congress adjourned leaving the railroads to continue in the enjoyment of their annual stealage of $5,000,000.

It was then that Mr. Cortelyou took the bull by the horns and did, himself, what Congress ought to have done.

Hereafter the average of the total weight of seven days' mail is to be found by dividing by *seven,* instead of by six.

* * *

The Fifty-Ninth Congress developed a fondness for the Lumber Trust and timber thieves which, in the long run, was disastrous to those industrious land-grabbers.

In decreeing that hereafter no Forest Reservations should be created save by Act of Congress, the land-grabbing members simply spurred the President into establishing the reservations *in advance* of the Act of Congress.

This he did,—and every honest citizen of the Union will applaud him for it. About 17,000,000 acres of public timber were thus saved to settlers.

* * *

In spite of the fact that a majority of the House were against the Ship Subsidy steal, the friends of that measure succeeded in passing it.

This reflects little credit upon the leadership of Hon. John Sharp Williams. If his management results in defeat when he is in the majority, his qualifications, as *Leader,* would seem to be imaginary.

Had it not been for Senator Carmack of Tennessee, who talked the Ship Subsidy to death in the Senate, we would now be committed to the policy of trying to escape, by additional taxation, the calamitous consequences of our one-sided system of national taxation.

We first tax our Commerce off the seas by Tariff taxation, and then propose to put it back, by Tariff taxation.

Thus the victims of the Protective System are double loaded, to benefit the Protected few.

To enrich the Protected few, we give them a monopoly of the Home Market, and, in consequence, all the materials which enter into the building of a ship advance to higher prices than anywhere else in the world.

Therefore, when one of our citizens would build a ship it costs him more than it costs anywhere else in the world.

He finds it impossible to build a ship that will compete with foreign-built ships.

Nor will our law allow him to go abroad and buy his ship where he can get it cheapest.

He must build at home, else he is deprived of the protection of the American flag.

Therefore, the American cannot establish a merchant marine.

The Protective System forbids it.

Now, the Protectionists want to get out of this trap, *without injury to the trap.*

Hence, their Ship Subsidy bill which proposes to take from the Common Treasury a sufficient sum to make good to the American ship-builder the amount of which he is robbed by the Tariff in the building of his ships.

From whom is to be first taken the money which is afterwards to be given to the ship-builder, by the Ship Subsidy bill?

From the millions of Unprivileged consumers who are the victims of the Protective System.

The net result is that American ships are taxed off the ocean, for the benefit of the Privileged few, and then to be taxed back on the ocean for the benefit of the same Privileged few. And the Unprotected many would bear the expense both ways—*when the ships are taxed off and when they are taxed back.*

* * *

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshirt, who was in charge of the Ship Subsidy bill, served notice on the country that he would introduce his pet measure again in the next Congress and would work for it until he passed it.

He will never pass it.

He came nearer to it this time than he ever will again.

The country is being educated up to the rank injustice of this raid on the public funds, and the protest against it at the next session will be overwhelming.

Let us hope that the Farmers' Union will be one of the great industrial organizations which will take sides against the bounty-jumpers. The Labor Unions have done so, the Grange has done so, and the organizations which represent the agricultural classes should also make their power felt.

We want the American flag upon the high seas, of course, but let us put it there in a common sense manner.

Let us either put ship-building material on the Free List, or allow our citizens to buy foreign built ships.

Either one of these remedies would cure the complaint, and work no injustice to any individual or to any class.

* * *

The Salvation Army claims great credit for persuading a number of self-destructive people not to commit suicide.

This is all very well in its way, but let us hope that the Salvation Army will exercise discretion in the matter.

For instance, if a few of our corporation scoundrels—Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, Harriman, Rogers, Rockefeller, Baer, and so forth,—should feel inclined to blow the tops of their heads off, it might be well for the Salvation Army not to butt in.

The plain common people will be glad to learn that Senator Spooner of Wisconsin has resigned.

During the many years of his service in the Senate, he has been one of the most able, active and unscrupulous henchmen of the corporations.

Both his heart and his mind appeared to be hermetically sealed against any consideration for *the natural man.*

The artificial man,—the corporation—was his idol, his master, and before this master he constantly prostituted his great talents and accomplishments.

We rejoice that the Senate is rid of him.

If Wisconsin can furnish in Spooner's place, another Senator of the stamp of LaFollette, the gain to the best interests of the plain people of the Union will be immense.

* * *

The hero of the short session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress was LaFollette.

In what he tried to do, and in what he actually did, his record is glorious.

To him and to Beveridge of Indiana is being drawn the admiring attention of the whole country.

They posses the confidence of the people. They are believed to be honest, able, zealous for the public good, fearless in advocacy of their convictions.

Regardless of party, we must encourage the efforts of such men as these.

We must show them that they are appreciated, and that we mean to stand by them.

Have the Democrats got two Senators who are working as hard for reform measures as LaFollette and Beveridge?

If so, who are they?

The names, please.

* * *

Governor Hughes of New York is "making good."

Unless all signs fail, he is going to give to his State an administration that will mark an epoch.

In spite of all that Hearst has said against him, Governor Hughes continues to stand firmly by the declaration that there should be a re-count of the ballots cast in the Mayoralty race.

In spite of the combination which corrupt Democratic politicians have made with the corrupt Republican machine, Governor Hughes continues unflinchingly, to fight the Republican machine.

In spite of the almost omnipotent power of the Wall Street corporations in New York politics, Governor Hughes has carefully prepared a bill which will give the State absolute control of Public Utilities.

No wonder there is a panic among political camp-followers of both the old parties, and no wonder there was a downward flurry of stocks in Wall Street.

Governor Hughes is every inch a man, and he promises to give his State a historic administration.

* * *

Harriman poured water—pure water—to the extent of $60,000,000 into the stock and bonds of the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

George Gould poured almost as much into the Western Maryland.

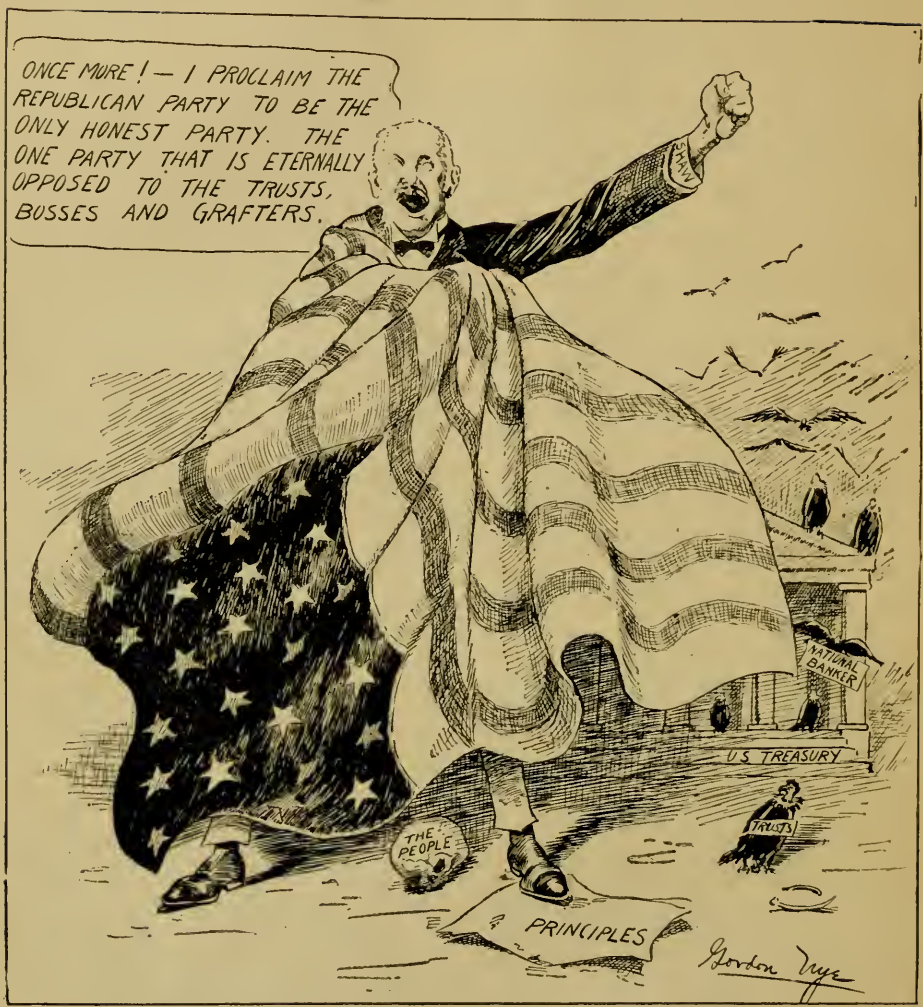
J. P. Morgan poured nearly as much into the Central of Georgia.

The same thing has been done in practically every railroad system in the Union.

Yet, when Congress, or a State Legislature, passes some law which prevents these Wall Street stock-jugglers from earning *a net profit on the watered stock,* the corporation lawyers go into Court and have the law declared unconstitutional upon the ground that it is *"Confiscatory."*

Confiscatory of what?

Why of that "water" which was poured into the stock.



UNCLE LESLIE SHAW MAKES GOOD WITH WALL STREET.

If you want to have a good time, "jine" the corporations.

Leslie Shaw, our spectacular Secretary of the Treasury, has at last turned it loose.

The country will breathe a sigh of relief. Leslie was a sad wag, and the things he could do with his tongue kept us guessing what it would be next.

Wall Street never had a more faithful ally than Leslie. This wonderful creature was never so happy as when flying to the relief of a Wall Street "stringeney."

He not only gave to his National Bank favorites the free use of an average of $150,000,000 of public money *all the time,* but was most ready and willing to come across with more, sixty millions more, any time that Wall Street felt another attack of "stringeney" coming on.

Leslie's whole soul appeared to be soaked in the idea that the U. S. Treasury was a reservoir for the Wall

Street gamblers, and that he was the keeper of the sluice gate.

Every single time that Wall Street sang out "*More of the same, Leslie,*" this comical Secretary would hoist the gate.

* * *

It has become quite the habit for leading members of Congress and the Cabinet to so manage affairs while in Washington as to fall into something soft and nice in New York when they quit "the public service."

There was Lyman Gage, and there was John G. Carlisle!

There was Grover Cleveland and there was Thomas B. Reed!

There was Dan Lamont and there was Paul Morton!

And now comes Leslie Shaw, who certainly has deserved well of Wall Street.

They have created for him a corporation to be known as the Carnegie Trust Co., and he is to receive a salary of $25,000 per year as its President.

So Leslie's lines have fallen in pleasant places, and I note with especial attention that one of Leslie's partners in his new venture is Judge Alton B. Parker.

The new Wall Street corporation having been made up, as usual, of Democrats and Republicans, with Leslie M. Shaw to represent the Republicans while Judge Parker looks out for the interests of the Democrats, we may safely assume that the Carnegie Trust Co. is going to make some money.

* * *

Now that the Steel Trust has two big battle-ships to build, the Japanese war-scare may not be worked quite so hard.

As to Richmond Pearson Hobson, we will simply have to trust to the Lord and be thankful for whatever we may be spared.

If Bryan, or LaFollette, will run for President in 1908 on a distinct pledge to make a free gift of those infernal Philippines to Japan,—or to whatever foreign power will accept them,—nine out of ten voters will enthusiastically support him.

The Steel Trust would, of course, object.

The Steel Trust wants to keep the Philippines for the reason that they give such a plausible foundation for war-scares,—and war-scares are such good pretexts for more big battleships.

The End of Old Partyism.

By A. H. Livingston, West Plains, Mo.

Any person, who has given the subject earnest, intelligent thought, and who has taken lessons from the history of reform movements, in church and state, from far back in the past to the present time, must know that the radical and far-reaching reforms that must come, and are coming in this Government, despite all the combined efforts of concentrated wealth and entrenched plutocracy, will not, cannot, come under the label of either of the old political parties. Roosevelt thinks, and honestly so, no doubt, that he can root out the long standing and deep seated pollution and graft in his party, by reforming the party within the party. But it is utterly impossible for him to do so. Such miracle has never been performed, and never will be. Ridpath, historically discussing the church reformation under Luther and the reformers of his time, pertinently says:

"He who studies the Reformation attentively will not fail to perceive that the success of the movement in Germany under the leadership of Luther followed two other efforts *not* successful to reach the same result. The first of these—first in time and first in natural sequence—was the effort of the Church to work a reform inside of her own organization. Vain chimera! Fond and childish credulity to suppose that the thing to be reformed could mend itself, that the abusers would abolish the abuse! The history of the world has not yet presented an example of an organization grown sleek and fat and conscienceless by the destruction of human freedom and the spoilation of mankind, that has had the virtue and honesty to make restitution and return to an exemplary life; nor will such a phenomenon ever be seen under the sun. Whether the organization be religious, political, or social, that law is equally irreversible, by which Ephraim is joined to his idols. He and they are bound by an indissoluble tie and will perish together."

While Roosevelt, with many of the leaders, and a large majority of the voters of the Republican party are honest, and while they may make some headway in checking plutocracy's mad course, yet such skin-deep reform will only be the sum and total of all these party achievements.

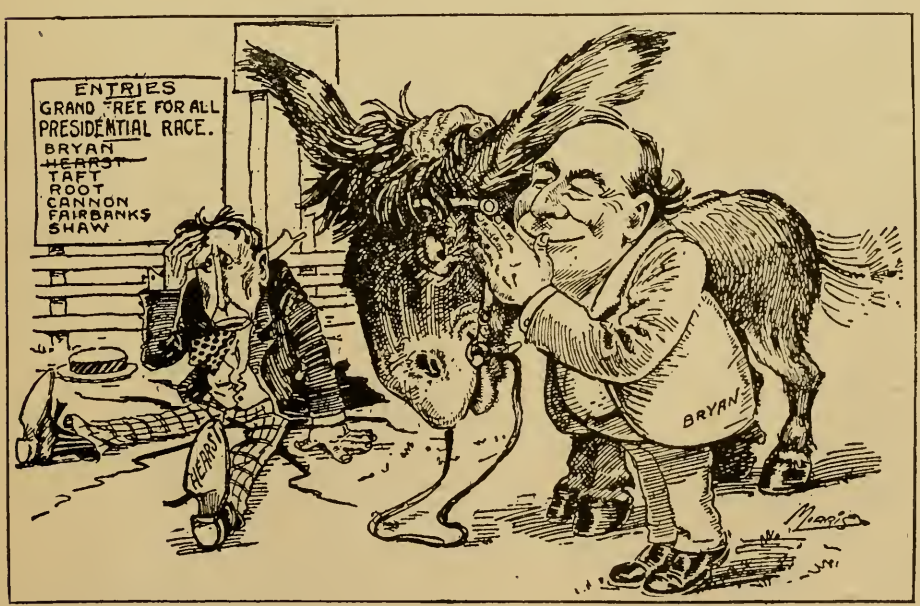
Bryan is riding above the clouds,—trying to get a correct barometer of the wave movements in politics, but he is unable to focus any hope for the people outside the half deserted by-ways of the so-called Democratic party of Cleveland and Parker.

Why continue longer this ceaseless wrangling between the two old parties? The people are ready and anxious to assault and beat down the barricades erected about entrenched privilege, and rebuild the Government on the basis of Jeffersonian democracy and Lincoln republicanism. But the old parties will not, they can not, because they are joined to their idols. The greedy, Godless money gang, in its conspiracy against the people, formed amidst the agony and havoc of civil war, as is ever done in such conspiracies, first made sure of the absolute control of the dominant political parties of the times. On this foundation, steeped in the rankest

and foulest crime ever committed against a free people, the haughtiest and most intolerant aristocracy of wealth has been erected. The nation's money, transportation, and all the vital powers and resources of government were seized and confiscated by the money worshipping, traitorous few.

Ever since, through party hatred, fanned and fed by every conceivable device, the people have been blindfolded, while the vultures and pirates have done their work. This reign of Mammon's God has polluted and poisoned the nation to the heart. Its virus has permeated all branches of government, and enfeebled the national conscience. Its foul touch has exalted the base passions in man, and openly defied justice and purity among men, in all the affairs of life. It has blighted righteousness and defied wrong. These conditions would continue as long as the two old parties could keep the people still divided and under dread of the party lash. But thanks to the old reformers, who have fought an unselfish fight, the people are being awakened to the truth. Blind partisanism has run its course, and the people begin to comprehend the stupendous wrongs heaped upon them, and they are now conscious that this is all a result of the hypocrisy and perfidy of politicians, who have masqueraded as friends of the masses, while they have done the will of the favored few.

The pure heart and patriotic soul of the nation are coming together, and all the engines and devices of the "safe and sane" cannot prevent it. The people are slow to wrath but certain and just in judgment. The men and parties labeled "Democrat—Republican," will no longer deceive. The revolution is on, and the "Dragon's teeth" will be extracted in 1908.



From the Spokaine Spokesman-Review.

A CURRENT VIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

Why "Real" Money Must Be Better Than "Unreal."

By Albert Griffin, Topeka, Kans.

SO many people, the statement that fully three fourths of the money upon which interest is paid is absolutely fictitious—can be neither handled nor seen—and that, nevertheless, it has exactly the same effect on prices and values that the same quantity of real money has, seems so improbable that they will not even seriously consider it. It is, however, true; and it is the failure of most writers to recognize this fact, and its far reaching importance—and of statesmen to act upon it—that has enabled the banking fraternity (The Money Power) to make "the Money Problem" so difficult to understand. It has, therefore, been suggested that I write a sort of kindergarten article on this phase of it. But, first, I wish to suggest that, to be benefited, the reader must keep his mind in a receptive attitude.

I

Question. What is money? And what is its function?

Answer. "Money" is "the medium of exchange." It is sometimes used for other purposes, but its only "monetary" function is that of a medium of exchange. This is a fundamental fact of the greatest importance. It is not merely *a*, but *the* medium. *There is no other*—because everything actually used for that purpose is, *while so used*, "money." A really rational monetary system cannot be built upon any other foundation.

Does not money pay debts?

Yes. But the payment of a debt is only the final consummation of an exchange previously begun.

The fog that, in many minds, surrounds the Money Problem is largely due to the failure to recognize the fact that—no matter of what it may or may not be made, or even whether it be real or unreal—*everything* that actually *does the work of money*, and is used for no other purpose, *is* money and must be included in all estimates of its aggregate volume. It is impossible to sustain the quantitative theory of money unless this is done—and practically all political economists unreservedly endorse that theory.

What is the quantitative theory?

It is the proposition that, whenever the quantity of money, of all kinds, increases faster than the aggregate quantity of the services and products for which it is to serve as the medium of exchange, prices tend upward; and, whenever the services and products to be exchanged increase faster than the quantity of money available for exchange purposes, prices tend downward—which is only another way of saying that "the law of supply and demand" applies as inexorably to money as it does to everything else.

II.

Of what is money made?

Scores of substances have been used for this purpose—and many are still used. Some, as gold and silver, are

valuable, while others, as cowrie shells and paper, cost but little. A gold eagle is more easily handled than 1,000 copper cents—but their exchange value is exactly the same.

But what makes a thing money?

Things are made money solely by (1) Some law declaring them legal tender; or (2) The common consent of a community that they shall be used as its medium of exchange—and their *monetary* value is created by the same factors. And of these, the latter is the more important.

These facts are easily understood by all, but another one is not, viz.: That the money in actual use is divisible into two classes—"real" and "unreal"—and that, not only is this the case, but, in this country, there is several times as much of the unreal as of the real.

What is the difference between them?

Everything that does the work of money and can be seen and handled, is real money. And whatever actually does the work of money, but can be neither seen nor handled, is "unreal"—that is, fictitious—money.

The importance of this distinction is so great that it should be considered until fully understood—no matter how much time may be required. When it is impossible to reconcile this statement with previously accepted ideas, the reason is that those ideas are incorrect.

What is the difference between "good money" and "poor money?"

The best money is that *"the exchange value of which varies the least* —and the more frequent and violent the changes the poorer it is. The poorest money ever made is the fictitious money which is created by a purchase by a bank, and destroyed by a payment to the bank.

Are you not jesting about "fictitious" money?

By no means. It needs no argument to show that, if an institution "lends" or uses in any other way, more money than it owns, that amount must be fictitious. And this is self evidently the case when it exceeds the volume of all the real money in existence.

But does anyone actually use this sort of money?

Yes. *Every* banker and banking institution does. Indeed, *this is their principal business.* The most of them have but little, if any other kind of money, of their own. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the deposit banking business. No honest banker will deny this statement,—and when confronted with it, bankers are usually silent, or talk about something else.

"How do you know that honest bankers use fictitious money?"

From the regular reports of the banks, the most of which are *sworn to* by their own officers, and filed with State Bank Commissioners, or with the U. S. Controller of the Currency.

"This surprises me. I never saw such a statement in a bank report, and did not know that bankers make such astonishing admissions."

This is not strange, for their reports have been skillfully arranged for the purpose of keeping the most important facts about their business hidden from the unitiated—but they are there, all right! After I had become aware that an enormous rat was concealed in this deposit bank cheese, it took me three years to get hold of and pull it into the open. One of the most astounding facts in the history of the economic world is that this fraternity has so long been able to keep the business world ignorant of the essential character of their own daily transactions. It has cooly appropriated—to mislead the unwary—such familiar terms as "accommodation," "credit," "loans," etc., and has so skillfully manipulated educational influences that what is really the most widespread, long continuing, colossal and ruinous graft ever known

is regarded by some as not only entirely legitimate and necessary, but as the prime cause of civilization.

"Can you give specific facts?"

The U. S. Controller of the Currency publishes a monthly "Circulation Statement," giving the "General Stock of Money in the United States," the amount "Held in Treasury as Assets of the Government," and the "Money in Circulation;" and his annual reports contain tables in which the reports of the National, State and Private banks, and the Loan and Trust Co.'s are consolidated. *My figures are taken entirely from, or based on, these official reports of the Controller.* Therefore, no banker can refute them. Indeed, no banker can be persuaded to attempt to do so, publicly.

The Circulation Statement for Sept. 1, 1906, put the "General Stock of Money" at $3,101,096,498: of which the amount held in the Treasury was $344,183,199, leaving "Money in Circulation" supposed to be in possession of the banks and the people, $2,766,913,299. Get these facts clearly in your mind before considering the next paragraph.

The reports for 1906 show that the banks claim to have, in the aggregate, $968,241,932 of real money in their possession; and the volume of their reported "deposits due on demand," was $11,185,317,165. Most people understand that *all* of these deposits are real "money." But only a small part of them is, and it is impossible to tell what part is real and what is not. Much, the most of it was what they owed to those whose paper they had "discounted," as is shown by the fact that they owed, *subject to check,* on an average, $11.55 for every dollar they claimed to have in their possession. Deducting the money they report as in their possession from the sum they report as being actually on deposit with them at that date, leaves $10,216,075,233. And, if this is not "fictitious" money, what is it? This question is too important to ignore, or to dismiss with a shrug of the shoulders. It is certainly "unreal," and I repeat that, as bank books do not show what part of each deposit account consists of real money and what of unreal, and as every check calls for real money to be paid on sight, some explanation is needed—and should be insisted upon.

The volume of real money claimed to be in circulation is larger than the facts warrant. But, accepting it as correct, the banks report deposits with them of $8,074,220,667 more than the entire amount the government officials report as in existence—and this without allowing a dollar for the amount in the Treasury and in the pockets of eighty-five million people. That this much is purely "fictitious"—hocus pocus money—*is absolutely certain.* Even bankers do not deny it—their only replies being attempts to switch off onto something else, or to call those who insist that this matter should be looked into cranks, etc. I am repeating this statement because the long continued refusal of every one of the tens of thousands engaged in this business to explain such ugly facts is equivalent to an admission that a satisfactory explanation is impossible.

Nor is the fictitious character of this money simply a logical conclusion. Every person who is conversant with the banking business is aware that bankers do often "lend" more money than they have in their possession—including that which belongs to other people.

Do not stop here to ask *How* can this be? But learn whether it *is* a fact. If my explanation does not make it clear, analyze bank reports—not those usually printed in advertisements, but those they make to the Government—and, sooner or later, you will ascertain how the milk gets into the cocoanut.

My first fundamental proposition was that "money is *the* medium of

exchange." And my second is that the greater part of the money in actual use is literally "unreal"—fictitious. This second proposition is as important as the first. And the fact that many find it the more difficult one to accept makes it necessary to dwell upon it until it becomes clear.

III.

Can you make plainer what this "unreal" or "fictitious" money is?

I will try. It consists simply of *entries on bank books* of *alleged* deposits of money made by persons who had no money to deposit—and who "borrowed" from banks solely because of that fact. The process is: The depositor makes a note, and the bank "discounts" it—that is, *buys* it. In these transactions, the bank receives no money, and the so-called depositor receives none. The banker receives a note, and the depositor receives only the right to draw checks against a pretended—that is, a fictitious—deposit of money.

He is given this right because each banker expects that the most of the checks against him will be simply deposited by people who have accounts with him, and that, being simply credited to them, the debt due the original "depositor" will be extinguished by mere bookkeeping—offsetting one account against another. In fact, banks are little more than "clearing houses," for the benefit of those who can do business by using them in this way. Bankers nearly always refuse to lend any considerable amount of money when they suppose it is to be withdrawn immediately and carried away.

Do you hold that checks are money?

No. Checks are not in any sense money. They are simply orders for money. A check may pass through a hundred hands, each giving a receipt for that much money, but if, on presentation to the bank, it is not "accepted," the receipts become worthless, and none of the debts are paid. If, however, the bank "accepts" the check, and notes the fact on its books, every receipt becomes valid, and all the debts they cover are paid—even should the bank close its doors as the unpaid depositor walks out of them.

More than three fourths of the business of this country, and more than nine tenths of that of its principal cities, is done with this kind of unreal money—for which no better term has ever been used than that of "hocus pocus money."

IV.

Is not what you call hocus pocus money merely "bank credit?"

Of so-called bank credit, Yes. But, properly speaking, there is no such thing as "bank credit." In business transactions *credit* is always given by the *seller*. The merchant who sells goods on time truly does a credit business. The credit is received by the *purchaser* of the goods—and it consists of the fact that he is not required to pay for them immediately. Banks do not sell to the public. They *buy* personal property—notes, drafts, etc.—and are allowed to retain, for a time, the price agreed upon. Therefore, if there is a creditor in bank transactions it must be the person who sells his note or draft to the bank without requiring immediate payment, instead of the bank, which is permitted to retain money which really belongs to the seller of the note.

Then why it is called "bank credit?"

This is one of the many terms that were coined long ago to befog people, and mislead them as to the real nature of these transactions. Ostensibly, banks invest "capital" in notes, etc. But nearly all of the capital—and sometimes a great deal more—thus invested is purely fictitious. On Dec. 2, 1899 the National City Bank

of New York, which then had less than $7,000,000 of capital, surplus, undivided profits and bank notes, purchased more than $27,000,000 of property of different kinds, and yet, with $20,000,000 less than nothing left, its reported loans aggregated $60,906,034. Indeed, bankers themselves have begun to call these transactions "liquid capital," and "liquid funds."

V.

Have not banks the right to "lend money?"

Certainly. But no bank ever "lends" money. This is another term that has long been misused for misleading purposes. Properly speaking, the *lender* of a thing simply *"accommodates"* another—expecting no compensation, but only the return of the article. It is not a *business* transaction. And it will be noted that dealers in money have appropriated not only the term "loan," but that of "accommodation," also.

Before it was wrested from its legitimate meaning, the courts decided that the owner of property sold by persons to whom it had been *loaned*, could not recover possession of it—but that if it had been *hired* to the seller, the real owner could recover it, and the seller be convicted. The reason, as clearly stated by the courts, is that the *hiring* of property is a *business* transaction, and that the public interests require that the owners of such property should have the right to recover it; but that, when a person *lends* something to another, he practically endorses the character of the person to whom he lends it, and must suffer any loss that results from his misplaced confidence. This is still the common law. And I submit that it is time to insist upon the general recognition of the fact that no money transaction, entered into for profit, can be properly called a loan. That is, so-called bank loans should be treated as purely *business* transactions—and correct business terms used.

VI.

If hocus pocus money does the work of real money why object to it?

One unanswerable reason is that it gives a small set of people such a paralyzing advantage over every other class in the community. Deposit bankers are the only men whose business is regarded as legitimate, who actually "get something for nothing"—and they do this on a colossal scale.

Can you give easily verifying facts showing this?

Volumes of them. The National City Bank case already cited is one. In 1888, the four systems of deposit banks—National, State and Private Banks, and Loan and Trust Co.'s—taken together, collected interest on $3.41 of "loans and discounts" for every dollar of their capital, surplus, undivided profits and national bank notes *not otherwise invested*. In 1896 the ratio was $4.57 to one; and in 1906 (only ten years later) it was $50.77 to one. And still the bankers drown the voice of Oliver Twist in their cries for "more."

Any person who makes and uses even a single piece of money made out of any material substance will be sent to the penetentiary, but bankers are allowed to use with impunity approximately $8,000,000,000 of unreal money made by themselves out of nothing. It costs them only a little ink and paper, and their interest charges for permission to use it often go up to 10, 50, 100 per cent., and even more. And yet people wonder how it is that they get rich so fast.

Does this system have any bearing on the trust question?

A great deal. During the ten years from 1896 to 1906, the quantity of hocus pocus money in use, at the lowest calculation, increased $5,497,000,000. This is the period during which the most of the great trusts were organized; and practically all of them

were formed by men who controlled —or were in close touch with controllers of—great banking institutions.

The case of "Amalgamated Copper," as told by Mr. Lawson, has never been controverted. In it, the National City Bank of New York loaned to a few of its own people twenty-four or more million dollars, with which to purchase Marcus Daly's copper mines, and so manipulated the money market, by pledging bank support, as to enable them to sell the stock of the new company, at a profit greater than the amount of the loan —*before* the money with which the mines were bought was called for.

It is no exaggeration to say that, but for hocus pocus money, these gigantic trusts could not have been floated. And this fact, of itself, is a sufficient reason why the operations of the system should be materially restricted—or a better one substituted for it.

Moreover, trust promoters now control nearly all of the large banks, and are appropriating a rapidly increasing proportion of the resources of these institutions for the promotion of their personal operations; and they have already arranged to use much the larger part of the hocus pocus money which the pending bank bill is expected to enable the banks to make.

VIII.

Are there other reasons for changing this system?

Yes, many. A very important one is that it makes every other class of business men absolutely and increasingly dependent upon banks for "the medium of exchange" without which business cannot be done.

All can see that, the less real money there is in circulation in proportion to the demand, the more will people be compelled to pay whatever price bankers demand for hocus pocus money, as a substitute. As the number of people, and the average ability to produce *constantly* increases, a correspondingly *constant* increase in the medium of exchange is needed to prevent business depression.

Yet, in spite of this universally admitted fact, most bankers have always striven—and are still striving—to contract the volume of real money. Their leaders are evidently working to bring about a condition in which practically all the business of the country, except small retailing, will have to be done by means of checks against deposits of hocus pocus money—upon which *they* will receive interest.

But why are bankers not as willing to lend real money as unreal?

Because real money usually costs them its face, and, moreover, when once paid out, *it belongs to those who receive it*, and continues to circulate indefinitely—the bank having no more control over it; but hocus pocus money never leaves the bank, and cannot be used a moment longer than interest is paid on it to its maker.

Is not this requiring people to pay bankers for what the Government should do for nothing?

Exactly so. This system enables bankers to levy tribute, as it were, directly or indirectly, upon nearly every business man and producer for the privilege of exchanging his services and products with others. And they are determined to keep on increasing this graft (for it is a graft) until no industrious man can escape.

Nor is this all. It often enables bankers to compel their own "admission to the ground floor" of new enterprises, as a condition precedent to granting loans. And, as they know the financial condition of nearly everyone—especially of the needy—they can, and some of them do, take advantage of that knowledge.

He must be blind indeed, who does not see that, long the dominating financial figures, bankers are fast be-

coming the absolute despots of the business world.

IX.

What an indictment! I am glad you are through.

But I am not. Under the hocus pocus money system, business becomes more and more restricted to giant monopolies and *three months men.*

What are three months men?

The nature of this business requires that only short time paper be discounted. The National, and most of the State banks are prohibited from buying paper that has more than three months to run. Consequently, only those can use this system whose business is of such a nature that they can be sure to pay their notes within that short period.

Farmers, manufacturers, miners and others, who cannot realize on their investments in less than a year, or more, cannot safely deal with banks, unless the banker can be depended upon to renew the loan from time to time. Such agreements are often made, but they are usually verbal and illegal—and will not bind the bank in case of stress.

In every city, those who are acquainted with its business men are aware that nearly all of them are so dependent on banks that they have no choice but to retain the good will of some banker, at any cost, sell out, or go into bankruptcy.

It is an incontrovertible fact that this system makes it *impossible* for most men to engage in business on their own account, and for a large part of those in business to safely enlarge their operations. In short, it enables bankers to say who may—and who shall not—be given a chance to do business.

Has it any effect on wage earners?

Yes, it increases their dependence upon capitalists. Whenever the volume of money in circulation decreases—or even fails to increase fast enough—the market demand for services decreases; wages tend downward; and the number of the unemployed, and consequent distress, increases. This has always been so, everywhere—and always must be.

Why is this so?

It is impossible for the people to produce as much, in the aggregate, as they desire to consume. Therefore, the demand for services is illimitable, and the only reason for enforced idleness is "inability to effect an exchange of services and products."

Whenever the volume of acceptable money is sufficiently large, the *market* demand for services exceeds the supply, and no one is compelled by want to labor for less than he can make at something else. *History furnishes no exception to this sweeping statement.*

Therefore, all that is needed to make labor unions unnecessary, and to secure to wage earners—from day laborers to college presidents—real independence, is a sufficient supply of good money.

Is this the last count?

By no means. But I will state only one more, now. The use of hocus pocus money is the *sole cause* of every commercial panic ever known, here or elsewhere; and of nearly every long period of business depression. Other factors aggravate panics—but this is their only *cause.* This fact is incontrovertible—and its importance is truly incalculable.

Periodical panics and long periods of business depression were unknown until the practice of using hocus pocus money had become established.

They are still confined to countries the most of whose business is done with it.

And everywhere their frequency and severity increases with the proportion of the country's business that is done with it.

But *how* does using hocus pocus money cause panics?

This kind of money is created by a few strokes of a pen recording a fictitious deposit, which entry *increases*

the purchasing power of the seller of the note, and of the receivers of his checks, *without decreasing the purchasing power of anyone else.* This is certainly an *expansion* of "the medium of exchange," and it remains expanded *until the note is paid.* But to pay the note, its maker *necessarily decreases his power,* or that of *these from whom the money with which to pay it is procured.* And this, of course, *contracts* the medium of exchange that much.

No amount of word juggling can change the fact that every purchase of a note by a bank with hocus pocus money practically *expands* the volume of the medium of exchange that much, and that every payment *contracts* it.

So long as the expansions largely exceed the contractions, business improves; when they balance each other, the wheels of production move more slowly; when the aggregate volume contracts, actually or relatively, business depression is inevitable; and when contraction is sudden and violent, a terrible panic is liable to result.

The reason is that, with the constantly increasing *demand* for money suddenly enlarged by the banks "shutting down" on some of their customers, the men thus deprived of the "liquid capital" with which they were doing business—and without which they cannot continue—finding themselves confronted by ruin, naturally become alarmed, and others seeing their plight, and fearing for themselves, unite in increasing numbers in a desperate search for money *which has ceased to exist;* ceased because of bank action contracting their "loans."

As is always the case with every kind of "elastic currency," hocus pocus money expands most when the need is least, and contracts most when the need is greatest—and the results of contraction the most appalling. *And, in the nature of things, it cannot be otherwise.*

I hope that panics are never brought about intentionally?

Banks are sometimes *compelled* to bring disaster to others by contracting their loans—and even by merely ceasing to expand them—but they also sometimes intentionally cause much distress in localities, and even precipitate national panics—as was done in 1893.

But do they not themselves lose leavily in panic periods?

Some do, but the most of them—especially the large ones—make more out of "the wreckage" than they lose in other ways.

The great historian, Macauley, describing the period after the fall of Napoleon, when England was contracting her currency to a gold basis, and much the larger part of her well-to-do people were being ruined, wrote:

"Amid the general gloom and distress, one class prospered—the bankers."

And, always and everywhere, bankers, as a class, suffer less than others during periods of financial disaster that result from their own operations—and profit more than all other classes combined, by the general distress.

This is not because bankers are worse than other men—for they are not—but because of the nature of the system.

X.

What, then, would you propose?

More real money, and less hocus pocus money.

That the quantity of the best money shall be steadily increased—until there is enough of it! And that of the poorer kinds as steadily decreased—until only the best remains: the best being that the exchange value of which varies the least.

How can this be done?

The details of a plan would take more space than is left for this article. One part of it, however, would require *all* deposit banks and bankers to do a safer business—by gradually

increasing their cash reserves to at least 25 per cent. of their nominal deposits. And I will add here only that every step carefully taken along the lines suggested herein *must* make every kind of legitimate business safer and sounder.

Fortunately, as colossal as is the power of the banking fraternity, the Money Question is the easiest of solution of all our economic problems—because it can be settled gradually, without confiscation, business derangement, or increased debt or taxation.

I repeat, that the Money Problem is *not* insoluble. And that it is *not* difficult to understand by those who recognize the fundamental fact that everything that actually does the work of money—and does nothing else—*is* money, *while it is thus used.* And also that, in the nature of things, *any kind of real money, made and issued by the Government, with all the people behind it, must be better and safer than mere hocus pocus money with only some local bank behind it.*

Some Witty Sayings by the Paragraphers.

Where Is Webb.

By the way, where is the Hon. Webb Davis, who once stood in the limelight?—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A Very Cold Bottle.

Peary left a bottle on the ice at the farthest point reached by him. It ought to be cold enough by the time he reaches it again.—*Cleveland Leader.*

She Didn't Have a Fair Chance.

As Eve did not have the advantage of bargain counter sales and tariff fostered trusts with their infant industries had not yet been invented, how can these very particular library custodians expect Eve to be dressed in modern costume?—*Atlanta News.*

Henry's Involved Style.

"Novelist Henry James says the expression 'handing a lemon' has no meaning."

"Then he ought to find it useful in his business."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Notable Coincidence.

It is curious and significant to note how general is the twofold assumption that Mr. Chamberlain is a confirmed invalid, and that his tariff reform project has for all practical purposes passed into history.—*Toronto Globe.*

Oppressive Silence.

"The. Allen, the wickedest man in New York" says he gave less than ten thousand dollars to the Jerome campaign fund and everybody is indignant. Then he says he gave fifty thousand to elect Lincoln, and the silence can be heard. Why not in one case as in the other?—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

A Grim Sense of Humor.

The Pittsburg woman who has left a fortune of $1,000,000 and six wills, each apparently about as good as the rest, had a grim sense of humor that must have taken the edge off her prejudice against dying.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.

By Thos. E. Watson.

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Chapter VI.

DURING the four or five years, next following his marriage, Jackson laid the foundations of a handsome fortune. There was only one other lawyer in Nashville—consequently one side of every case naturally came to him. The records show that he did a brisk business from the very start. If the other attorney took a claim to collect, Jackson was necessarily employed to defend, provided there was any defense to make. If, on the contrary, the other lawyer accepted employment from a defendant, the plaintiff went to Jackson. There was nothing else he could do. The North Carolina bar practiced as far West as Jonesboro, but at that time they went no farther. Nashville being two hundred and eighty-three miles (not 183 as the text had it in Chap. 4) beyond Jonesboro,—as the road then ran,—North Carolina lawyers could not do a regular law business in Nashville.

By virtue of his position as State Attorney, and of the fact that only one other lawyer was then in the field, Andrew Jackson reaped a rich harvest in fees, although he knew but little law. The strength of his position was that no one else had much the advantage of him. Common sense, industry, courage, and a natural spirit of justice had more to do with decisions and verdicts than anything contained in the books. There were probably not a dozen law books in the library of either Jackson or his rival, and the illiterate jurors, as well as the inferior magistrates, cared nothing for English precedents or technical quibbles.

In the court-house trials of our own day, one is too often reminded of the answer which the raw law-student made to his examiner in response to the request that he explain the difference between Law and Equity.

"Law is law, and Equity is Jestis'; and a man may get a blamed sight of law without gittin' any Jestis'."

In the rude, informal times of Territorial Tennessee, the courts no doubt paid much greater heed to the dictates of natural *justice* than to the letter of statutes and the text of authorities.

At Jonesboro, it is true, Jackson had to meet opposing counsel who were fairly well learned in legal lore. To such attorneys, Jackson's lack of professional knowledge might appear so plainly that they would indulge the inclination to become sarcastic at his expense. In such a case, Jackson's line of action was characteristic, and, as usual, effective.

When Col. Waightsill Avery, of North Carolina, pitted against Jackson in a legal battle in Jonesboro, let his inner convictions concerning Jackson's knowledge of the law crop out in sarcasms, Jackson immediately wrote out, on the blank leaf of a law-book, a challenge to fight, and handed the note to Avery on the spot.

The challenge had to be accepted, of course, and on the evening of the same day Jackson and Avery were blazing away at one another with pistols.

Fortunately, neither of these temporarily demented citizens was hit, and their friends succeeded in bringing about a treaty of peace.

After this duel, it is not recorded that opposing counsel, in any case, ever made fun of Jackson's statements concerning the law.

* * * * * *

In a paper read by Albert Goodpasture before the Tennessee Historical Society, in 1895, is this statement:

"With a bankrupt treasury and an impoverished people, it was the policy of North Carolina to constitute her Western territory a fund to reward the 'signal and persevering zeal' of her officers and soldiers in the Revolutionary war. The act of Cession provided that the land laid off to the officers and soldiers of her continental line should still enure to their benefit; and if it should prove insufficient to make good the several provisions for them, the deficiency might be supplied out of any other part of the territory. And so liberally did she compensate her war-worn veterans out of this 'fund,' that more than 12,000,000 acres of the choice lands of the State were consumed in their payment. Not only was the military reservation exhausted, but practically all her other lands supposed to be fit for cultivation that had not already been taken up on the occupancy and pre-emption claims of the hardy pioneers, whose rights were equally protected by the act of Cession, were likewise consumed in satisfying warrants issued for military services. The result was that the great body of the land in Tennessee was originally granted, either under the occupancy claim of the pioneer settler, or upon the military warrant of the Revolutionary soldier."

In view of the facts set forth in the above, one is not surprised to learn that land-warrants became the medium of exchange in Territorial Tennessee. Land, in fact, was used as money—just as *men* are sometimes used in Africa, and *women* constantly in Asia.

Very little gold and silver was in circulation. Trading was done on the plan of bartering cows for land, of swapping a horse for an axe, of giving buffalo hides for sugar and coffee.

The historian, A. W. Putnam, states that "horses and cows, axes and cowbells, constituted the ready circulating medium." To these were added the military warrants for land, and, as small change, the Guard certificates."

The value and the importance of the axe to the pioneer needs no explanation; that of the cowbell will be understood when we remember that the cow was turned out in the unfenced wilderness and got her living chiefly in the cane-brakes.

When Andrew Jackson, or some other lawyer, had managed a piece of litigation which justified a reasonably liberal fee, his client would pay him off with a "six forty." This meant that a land warrant for six hundred and forty acres was transferred by the client to the attorney. In this manner, Jackson became the owner of thousands of acres of the finest land in Tennessee.

To give you an idea of the comparative value of things at that time, a few of these bargains may properly be mentioned.

The hill upon which the Capitol of Tennessee was afterwards built was sold for a cow and calf.

A large portion of the ground upon which one the largest cities of the State now stands was sold for a rifle, a mare and a pair of leather breeches.

For three axes and two cowbells, the owner of a 640-acre tract, near Nashville, sold it; and the owner of another "six forty" swapped it for "a faithful rifle and a clear toned bell."

In the year 1795, Andrew Jackson, himself, in partnership with his bosom friend, John Overton, bought the land whereon the great city of Memphis now stands, paying for it $2,501.67. A fac-simile of the draft which supplied the money for the purchase, lies before me as I write. It bears date May 13, 1795, is drawn by David Allison on Col. James King, and is made payable to Andrew Jackson or order. This interesting relic was kindly furnished me by Samuel L. King of Bristol, Tenn., a direct descendant of the drawee of the draft.

It must not be forgotten that during these years of law business, land trading, and wealth getting, Jackson also dealt largely in negro slaves.

During the Presidency of Jackson, General Edmund Pendleton Haines, of the regular army, was in command of the Southern Department, with his headquarters at Memphis, Tenn.

One night, Jesse Benton was the guest of Gen. Gaines, and in the course of conversation during the evening, Benton said to Gaines:

"General, there is a little chapter in my private history which has never been made public.

"Andrew Jackson, now President of the United States, Thos. H. Benton, now Senator from Missouri, John H. Eaton, now Governor of Florida, and I went down the river negro trading. As to Eaton, he was but a poor devil of a trader, selling but two, and one of these on commission; but Jackson made out pretty well; but whenever he made out a bill of sale of the negro he had sold he always spelled it 'Nigger'."

This statement was related by Edmund P. Gaines, who was present and heard the conversation, to Col. John Bell Brownlow, about twelve years ago.

* * * * * *

To these years, just before and just after his marriage, belong many of the stories which explain how Andrew Jackson made his mark upon the times in which he lived and split the country into two sharply separated groups—those who admired him blindly and those who hated him without stint.

JACKSON AS A NEGRO TRADER.

He had street fights, he had fought at least one duel, he had chased Lewis Robards into the cane-brake with a butcher knife and had taken unto himself the woman that Robards left behind him as he stole from the cane-brake and made tracks for his Old Kentucky Home.

He had saved a town from a fire that would have destroyed it, by his mastery of men around him and his quick decision of forming a bucket brigade.

He had cowed bullies in the courtroom by his readiness with his pistol.

He had made himself feared and respected as an honest, unflinching officer of the law. He had made himself the leader of the younger men. What he did was the fashion.

We shall find him always followed by ardent friends who are ready to swear by him, work for him, fight for him—die with him if need be—with a devotion such as few men have ever inspired.

It must not be supposed, however, that Andrew Jackson never "met his match." It must not be claimed that he always came off triumphant. Such is *never* the case.

From "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History" is taken the following story, which proves that even Andrew Jackson sometimes tackled the wrong man. The episode relates to a horse race which was run while Jackson lived at Kit Taylor's, near Jonesboro.

* * * * * *

"Jackson had been training his horse for months in advance in "Kit" Taylor's neighborhood, and the racer knew his master's imperious will perfectly. He "smelt the battle afar off," and perhaps at the same time, "danger in the tainted air;" but when the test came, the determination to be first under the string thrilled every fibre and sinew in his lithe and wiry body.

The betting was fast and furious, and the reckless readiness of the gamblers, followed the example of the contesants, to risk all on their favorite steed, would have taken away the breath of even the "plunger" of today. Guns, furs, iron, clothing, cattle, horses, negroes, crops, lands and all the money procurable were staked on the result. No "boom" period in that section saw so much property change hands in so short a time.

A week or ten days before the race, Jackson was overtaken by a serious disappointment. His jockey, a negro boy belonging to Taylor, was taken down with a violent fever. Jackson announced his determination to ride the race himself, and Love readily agreed to the proposition. When the arrangement became known, the throng became delirious with enthusiasm and delight. The judges, who had been selected after a good deal of finesse and some wrangling, were stationed half and half at each end of the semi-circular track. Jackson appeared on his restless and impatient flyer, with a haughty air of confidence and self-possession, the rival steed prancing at his side, under the control of a born jockey, who well knew the responsibility resting upon him, and how to act his part on the momentous occasion. They were started with a shock that shook the azure vault above and

reverberated in answering echoes from the surrounding mountains. The horses were marvels of symmetry and beauty, and in fine condition for speed and endurance. At the word "Go!" they shot out on the smooth track as if they had been hurled from two monster mortars. On they sped, neck and neck. The jockey was the hazy outline of a boy printed on the air. Jackson rode as if he were part of his spectral horse. The yells of the onlookers packed around the cresent course would have drowned the blending screams of a hundred steam-whistles. All at once, the Love horse spurted ahead. The partisans of Jackson got their breath in gasps. The victor whizzed under the string like an arrow, leaving Old Hickory to make the goal at his leisure. If Jackson's horse was a wind-splitter that left a blue line behind them, Love's was the same as a belated streak of lightning chasing a hurricane that had outrun it. Just for a moment there was a deep, ominous hush that precedes the crash of the tempest; then a pandemonium of noise and tumult that might have been heard in the two neighboring states broke loose. It awoke the black bear from his siesta, and the frightened red deer "sprung from his heathery couch in haste," and sought the distant heights. The loud, long and deep profanity would have discounted the "army in Flanders." Jackson was a star actor in this riot of passion and frenzy. His brow was corrugated with wrath. His tall, sinewy form shook like an aspen leaf. His face was the livid color of the storm-cloud when it is hurling its bolts of thunder. His Irish blood was up to the boiling point, and his eyes flashed with the fire of war. He was an overflowing Vesuvius of rage, pouring the hot lava of denunciation on the Love family in general and his victorious rival in particular. Col. Love stood before this storm unblanched and unappalled—for he, too, had plenty of "sand," and as lightly esteemed the value of life—and answered burning invective with invective, hissing with the same degree of heat and exasperation. Jackson denounced the Loves as a "band of land pirates," because they held the ownership of nearly all the choice lands in that section. Love retorted by calling Jackson "a damned long, gangling, sorrel-topped soap-stick." The exasperating offensiveness of this retort may be better understood when it is explained that in those days women "conjured" their soap by stirring it with a long sassafras stick.

The dangerous character of both men was kell known, and it was ended by interference of mutual friends, who led the enraged rivals from the grounds in different directions."

But while Col. Love and perhaps many others stood their ground against Jackson, he generally whipped his man.

He himself while President related one of his experiences as follows:

"Now, Mr. B." said the General, "if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big black stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir," (taking the stick into his own hands), "you hold the stick *so,* and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him.

I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after, he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently, and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence, and gave him the point of it full in his stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet, and I stamped on him. Soon he got up *savage*, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that's all I ask, and I'll manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *pint* in his belly."

* * * * * *

In those days when every man had to look out for himself and be on his guard against the prowling Indians, the brawling borderer, the ravenous land grabber, and the lawless rough, it was no uncommon thing for a criminal to defy the officers of the law and make the defiance good. To "cuss out" the lawyers, the judge and the jury is a luxury not allowed in our own day no matter how strongly one may feel tempted thereto, and no matter how richly such a general "cussing out" is deserved. But in the early days of Tennessee it was different. It sometimes happened that a magistrate would indignantly say to a remonstrant suitor, "You must think the Court are a d—d fool!" and would be greeted with the candid response, "*I do!*"

Whereupon, if the magistrate were spunky and considered himself the "best man" of the two, he would cry out, "Adjourn the court for ten minutes, Mr. Bailiff!" and throw off his coat, roll up his sleeves and pitch into the ready and willing suitor. Having either whipped his man, or got whipped as the case might be, the judge would put on his coat, order the Bailiff to re-open the court and would call the next case on the docket.

It sometimes happened that the two parties to a law suit would agree to fight it out, fist and skull. In this case the two men would go into a ring and, with a crowd of hugely interested spectators looking on, proceed to play the brutal drama of a physical combat which would probably not end until both fighters were covered with bruises and blood, and one or the other gouged, or choked or beaten until he could no longer stand. The victor would be, of course, the hero of the hour.

Now it was with just such conditions that young Jackson was peculiarly fitted to cope. With law and order his allies, there was never the least doubt that he would conquer the turbulent men around him. That he did conquer them completely, the facts conclusively prove. After he entered upon his duties as State's Attorney no criminal ever successfully defied the officers of the law.

In Sumner County there was a brace of bullies named Kirkendall. They defied the Sheriff, and swore that they did not intend to be tried. This challenge of the Court's authority was made in the little log hut where the Judge was presiding. Jackson took charge of the matter and the fight was on, at once. In some way the Kirkendalls got him out of the house, and rolled him over and over until the struggling men all fell into the creek. This freed Jackson, who ran back to the house, got his pistols, covered the bullies, and thus conquered them. The Judge was so appreciative of this vindication of the law that the records of Sumner County bear to this day the quaint entry: "The Court thanks Andrew Jackson for his efficient conduct."

* * * * * *

These anecdotes would be quite enough to explain why people feared or respected and admired Andrew Jackson, but they do not reveal those traits which caused him to be loved. We shall understand the devotion of his friends before we go much further with this story. For the present, let us read the unvarnished and truthful account of an incident which throws a flashlight upon his inborn nobility of character.

* * * * * *

In Rogersville, the County Seat of Hawkins County, sixty-six miles east of Knoxville, there resided about —— a Presbyterian Scotch-Irish emigrant from the north of Ireland by the name of Joseph Rogers. The town was named after him. It now has only about one thousand inhabitants. In Jackson's day it had but three or four hundred or less. Rogers kept the *only* hotel in the village. While court was in session the hotel was crowded with lawyers, litigants and others. Among the guests was Jackson. Hotels in those days had larger rooms than now and not so many of them, and it was common for several beds to be put in one room. Such was the condition when a well dressed stranger arrived. He was shown to a room with two beds where he had a stranger for his room-mate. He returned to the office and rudely, insultingly demanded a room to himself. After the worthy boniface and his worthy wife explained to him the situation, told him how crowded the hotel was, he, in insulting terms, spoke of the one-horse house and how he would tell the public to avoid it, etc. Jackson overheard the conversation and at once said to him (he didn't know Jackson): "You sir, shall have a room to yourself." This surprised the worthy host and hostess and they began to protest that they could not accommodate the gentleman with a room to himself without turning the other people out. Jackson waved them off by an imperious gesture with the remark that, "Not now, but at bed-time I will see that this man gets a room to himself." The stranger walked off satisfied. Jackson had noted a log house in the rear of the hotel used as a corn-crib, with open cracks between the logs and this in winter. He directed the host to go with him to it. He ordered the corn pushed back so there would be room for a pallet. He had some bed clothes put on the *ground* floor and when the stranger signified he was ready to retire Jackson made the host (against his

wish) accompany the stranger to his room in the corn-crib with a tallow dip. Jackson followed behind after assuring Mr. Rogers that if there was any fighting to do as a result he, Jackson, would do it. When the fellow got to the door of the crib and saw his "room" he swore he would not go in. Jackson told him by the Eternal God he should and forced him in. He then turned the key to the padlock and the next morning unlocked the door and turned him out, telling him he had acted the part of a coward and ruffian and that it should admonish him for the future not to be discourteous to a lady, as he had been to Mrs. Rogers.

This story was related to me by Mr. Sam King, of Bristol, and also by Mr. John B. Brownlow of Knoxville. It is as well authenticated as any Jackson anecdote in the published biographies.

* * * * * *

In that interesting volume, "Old Times in Tennessee," the author, Judge Jo. C. Guild, gives a graphic description of one of Andrew Jackson's race-track rows. Judge Guild was but a small boy when the incident occurred. Says he:

"The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterward matched for five thousand dollars a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom Course. My uncle, Josephus H. Conn—who, by the death of my parents, became a father to me, giving me such education as I received—carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain till he returned. In those days not only counties, but States, in full feather, attended the race course as a great national amusement, and the same is still kept up in France and England under the fostering care of each government. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between the States. Horses and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with horses and negroes bet on the result of this race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and looking down the track saw, for the first time, General Jackson, riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter. In his wake followed my uncle, Conn, Stokely Donelson, Patton Anderson, and several others, as fierce as bull dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand, he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me he said that he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before, which disqualified him for the race, and that his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and 'by the Eternal God,' he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; that the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal

that I have ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did, every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wanted some lead in their hides, to just bring their horses on the track, for 'by the Eternal,' he would kill the first man that attempted to do so. There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time, and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he acted hastily and without consideration. He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof, and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open, and was ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. No one appearing, General Jackson introduced the witnesses, proving the bribery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive five hundred dollars to throw off the race, having received two hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof, and vindicate their innocence. They failing to appear, General Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which, in a few moments, was done in accordance with the facts proved. I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property bet on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said, "Now gentlemen, go calmly and in order, and each man take his own property." When the word was given the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned, and was nearly trampled to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage.

The Drainage of the Everglades.

Prepared and Illustrated for Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

THE DRAINAGE CANAL.

For several years the voters of the State of Florida have been kept in a state of agitation over the question of the drainage of the vast region known as the Everglades.

Can this wild, weird expanse of marsh, saw-grass and quivering hammocks be opened up to successful cultivation?

How shall it be done?

At whose expense, shall it be done?

How much will the experiment cost and who will be the chief beneficiaries?

Each of these questions has been eagerly debated, and opinions vary widely.

On the one hand, it is contended that the lands which will be drained have already been granted to the railroad corporations and that should the State go forward with the work, the taxpayers will be simply making a huge donation to the land-grant railroads.

Again, the objection is urged that if the Everglades are to be drained the expense should rest upon the whole State and not upon the six counties hereinafter specified.

The issue is a very live one, for the present Governor of Florida, N. B. Broward, was elected upon it; and, in pursuance of his campaign pledges, he is now vigorously at work cutting the drainage canal. But the opposition is strong, and the Legislature which meets in April may possibly put an end to the work.

Whether it will do so, remains to be seen. Doubtless, the whole subject will be gone over very carefully and the pros and cons weighed conscientiously before final decisive action is taken.

One thing about the drainage proposition would seem to be peculiar:—it is urged that in conquering the Everglades from the waste wilderness a benefit will be conferred upon the railroads, yet it appears to be quite evident that the railroads are fighting Broward and the drainage.

Here, would seem to be an inconsistency in the argument against drainage.

WHO IS BROWARD?

Napoleon B. Broward was born on a farm in Duval County, Florida, April 19, 1857. His boyhood was one of poverty and labor. Sometimes working on a farm, sometimes rafting

logs on the river, sometimes woodchopper and fence builder, he managed to scuffle along and to get a little schooling at the public schools during summers.

The farmer for whom young Broward cut timber and made rail fences was named P. P. Lord. Many years afterwards, Mr. Lord had a bright little boy who was required by his teacher to write a composition "on the life of some great man."

Placidly ignoring George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and other stock subjects, this little Florida boy struck a bee line for Broward.

Here is his compostion,—and after you shall have smiled at its innocent crudeness of narrative, your second thought will be that it was a credit to the boy and a credit to Broward.

"Our teacher has asked us to write about great men. I am going to write about Mr. N. B. Broward. He is a very great man. Last year he ran for sheriff and beat Bowden. When he was a little boy he used to board with my father. He was poor and had to make his own way. Now he si famous. He was a pale face boy, but now he is a big, fat man, able to work. He goes to Cuba and carries powder and shot and dynamite to the Cubans. His boat is called The Three Friends. She can outrun any other boat in the United States. One time the Spanish boats got after her and she whipped them all. The Spaniards are so afraid of Mr. Broward and his boat that they have offered a large reward for her capture. Now the Three Friends is tied up, with two revenue cutters watching her, but when she wants to go to Cuba she's going. I could tell a great many other things about Mr. Broward, but I must stop now.

(Signed) P. P. Lord."

* * *

In an Autobriographical sketch, Governor Broward says:

"After remaining with my grandfather two years, I worked on a steam boat for my uncle—Captain Parsons—first as cook and assistant fireman. As a cook, however, I was not a success, and later I served on this steamer as a deck-hand and wheelman. I remained in this service during the summer months, and attended public school at New Berlin in the winter, boarding with the light house keeper, Captain Summers.

COD FISHING ON THE GRAND BANKS.

From New Berlin, Fla., I went to Cape Cod, Mass. I found that the fishing season at this port had not begun, on account of the continued and excessive cold weather. Snow was on the ground eighteen inches deep, and large blocks of ice were lying about the shore. Far from home, without money, shelter, or employment, I was confronted with the serious problem of how to sustain myself. The sole avenue of escape was the possibility of securing employment on a schooner—the only vessel in port at the time—which was about to sail to some foreign country. Would the captain want my services or not, was the question.

Knowing that only men of the most rugged physique were employed in this business, and fearing that as I approached the captain I might be attacked with a coughing spell, as a result of whooping cough, which was contracted at school, and that he would think me consumptive, I stepped into a store, took a drink of water to control my cough, walked quickly up to Captain Newcomb of the schooner 'Emma Linwood' and asked, 'Captain, do you want to ship a man?' The captain looked at me with the piercing eye of an X-ray; but with bated breath, I stood the examination, trying all the while to swallow my Adam's apple in a renewed effort to keep down the coughing spell, which I feared might come upon me before the test was over. Thanks to the drink of water, his answer was in the affirmative, and I

ROUTE THROUGH EVERGLADES.

shipped in his schooner for the banks of Newfoundland, whither I desired to go to engage in the pursuit of cod-fish catching. Here while I was clad only in Kentucky jeans and gingham shirt I keenly realized why my Northern shipmates were clothed in warmest woolens.

For about two years I followed the sea, on sailing vessels, freighting lumber, and on fishing vessels, sailing oyster boats, etc., after which I was employed on various steamboats plying the St. Johns river, touching at Palatka, Sanford, Enterprise, Mayport and Jacksonville. I served one year as a bar pilot on the St. Johns bar.

Climbing up in Life.

At a later date, Captain David Kemps and I became owners of steamboats which were engaged in carrying passengers and mail between Mayport and Palatka. Continuing in this business until 1887, I then became interested in operating a wood as a self-made man would naturally yard in Jacksonville. In the year 1887, I was appointed Sheriff of Duval County, by Governor Perry, to fill the unexpired term of H. D. Holland, deceased. I was again appointed Sheriff in 1889, by Governor Fleming, for two years. At the expiration of this term of office I was a candidate for the office of Sheriff, being elected and re-elected repeatedly until 1900, when I was honored by the people as a member of the Legislature from Duval County. After the adjournment of the General Assembly, I was appointed a member of the State Board of Health, by Governor Jennings, which position I still hold.

Business and Political Career.

In addition to my political vocation, I was engaged during the year 1890 in the phosphate enterprise on Black Creek, in Clay County, Fla. In 1891 and 1892 I was interested in the phosphate mining business at the head of the Ichtucknee River, on the line of Suwanee and Columbia Counties. In 1895 I again became connected with the steamboat business, having designed the model and moulds of the steamer Three Friends, and superintended the building of this tug.

In 1895, and for the two succeeding years, I served as a member of the Jacksonville City Council; and, later, as a Police Comissioner of that city.

In 1896 I was captain of the steamer Three Friends on several of her trips, while conveying war materials to the Cubans."

* * *

Personally, Governor Broward is an attractive man. He is powerfully built, strikes one as being physically "much of a man," has a steady, dark brown eye, an open face, and a frank but not gushing cordiality of manner.

In conversation, he reveals a wide range of practical information, such

DREDGE CUTTING THE CANAL.

pick up in his struggles against the difficulties of life. One gets the impression that he can be very firm, and that where his conscience is involved and his conviction firm, he would never budge an inch.

In Florida politics, he has stood conspicuously for three things: (1) The Primary Election Law; (2) A Railway Commission; (3) The Drainage of the Everglades.

In other words he has fought the corrupt convention system and sought to put the control of the State into the hands of the people; he has combated the corporations which arrogated to themselves the right to control traffic arrangements and rates without reference to the public will or welfare; and he has earnestly advocated the opening to cultivation, settlement and wealth production of the immense area of waste land known as the Everglades.

Some Interesting History.

In 1845 the State Legislature of Florida passed a resolution asking Congress to have the Everglades surveyed and drained. In 1847 the Legislature asked Congress to give to Florida all of the lands south of the Calloosahatchie River and the north end of Lake Okeechobee, and between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, which included the Everglades. and agreed that if the United States would give these lands to the State that the State would drain them, and that the State would turn into the school fund whatever the residue might be after the drainage expenditure had been paid. Congress, Sept. 28, 1850, passed the Swamp and Overflowed Land Act, by which eleven States were granted all the swamp and overflowed lands within them upon the expressed condition that the States would drain and reclaim the lands. Florida accepted the grant, with the conditions, and the Legislature created trustees and charged them with the duty of reclaiming the swamp and overflowed lands.

In 1879 three Land Grant Acts were passed by the Legislature, granting swamp and overflowed lands to railroads, which were the first that were passed that were not vetoed. These three land grants were allowed to become laws, with this provision: "Provided that the said lands shall remain subject to the control, management, sale and application of said fund, and the lands constituting the same by the trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, for the purpose of said trust under said act."

Since then many land grant acts have been passed. Florida obtained under the Swamp and Overflowed Land Act nearly two-thirds of the surface area of the State. There have been patented to the State, under that act, 20,150,000 acres. There has been granted to railroads by the Legislature more than 25,000,000 acres of land; 4,000,000 in excess of the

amount of acres granted to the State, but only a little over 17,000,000 acres has been really deeded to the railroad and canal companies, leaving in possession of the trustees between two and a half and three million acres; which they refuse to deed, setting up as a reason that the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General and Commissioner of Agriculture, all created trustees in 1855 by the Legislature, were charged with the duty of using the land to drain and reclaim the swamp and overflowed lands, and that the Legislature could not afterwards invade the fund by granting it to railroad companies, etc., and that if they did grant it, that it was granted subject to the trust, which was to drain and reclaim it in compliance with the Act of Congress. The railroads are suing the trustees for the remainder of the land. The large land syndicates into whose hands 4,000,000 acres have fallen in and about the Everglades, refuse to pay their acreage tax, although they obtained the land as a gift in most instances from the State; but they now insist that the State shall drain the land by direct taxation upon the whole State as distinguished from taxing land benefited by the drainage.

There are now five suits against the trustees for land by corporations; and there are eight suits against the Drainage Commission, which commission is composed of the same officials as the trustees, to prevent them from collecting the acreage tax which was to be collected as a contribution from the corporations and other people within the drainage district. The trustees have put up for the State lands all of the money so far expended, which money is derived from the sale of portions of the same public lands. The agriculturalists and other individuals who live in the district have paid their acreage tax; but all of them combined own about 100,000 acres. Four million acres belong to

COMPLETED SECTION OF CANAL.

large land syndicates, successors to railroads, railroad and canal companies; two and one-half million acres belong to the trustees, from which the money so far has been furnished. The remainder of the land in the district, two hundred thousand acres, belongs to the United States, and nearly one hundred thousand to the State school fund.

The theory upon which the corporations defeated the adoption of the constitutional amendment that would have made constitutional beyond a doubt the drainage law, was that the reclamation of the Everglades should be put off until after the ownership of the lands was established, or until the litigation had ceased. And they made the charge that the people's money was being used to drain the Everglades, the title to which was in dispute; and also charged that all of the lands in the whole State should be taxed to do the work, and characterized the expenditure as an expenditure of the taxpayer's money. The

truth is, the district composed of seven million acres cut out of portions of six counties was taxed. No other lands were taxed at all. The lands in the fund sued for by the corporations were the lands being sold by the trustees to obtain money to drain with and to pay attorney's fees. If the trustees win in the litigation, they save the land, money and dredges. If the corporations win, they win the land, money and dredges. Not a cent of taxpayer's money is at stake. We stand to win all, if we win; and if we lose, we lose what the Legislature had long since given away without compensation.

Here are some of the reasons why the Everglades should be drained:

First of all, it is not so important to the State, who owns the land so long as it is drained and placed upon the tax books.

In the second place, the State should cut the canals and see to it that the land is drained. No city government waits for a title to land to be determined, but proceeds to pave, sewer and water, and charges to the abutting property.

The area to be reclaimed is about as large as four States the size of Rhode Island, or about five million acres of land; and two million acres more will be beneficially affected by the drainage. The lands to be reclaimed are further south than any other land in the United States, and is, in fact, the particular portion that distinguishes Florida from any other State in the Union. As to what crops may be grown upon that particular portion of the State, and the value of the crops, the reader is referred to two articles written upon the subject, one by Col. Kraemer, a civil engineer, which article was written in 1881, and the other by Gov. Broward. The statistics cited by Col. Kraemer, we suppose, were from the Treasury Department. Those cited by Gov. Broward were from the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF J. M. KRAEMER.

"But now that your dredge is at work I do not depend upon estimates, but am able to give you actual figures.

The plans include the cutting of 500 miles in round numbers, of large drainage canals from Okeechobee to tidewater, ranging from 50 to 120 feet wide and 10 feet deep.

It costs $1,200 per month to operate each dredge. Each dredge will move six cubic yards of material per minute, or 93,600 per month of 26 working days. Each dredge will cut nearly one mile of canal per month of the average width of 60 feet.

It costs $1,200 per month to operate each dredge or $635,000 for the 500 miles of canal. Add to this $300,000, the cost of six dredges, at an average of $50,000 each, and add also $100,000 for repairs and the total cost of the waterways or main drainage canals will be $1,035,000.

In a report to his company J. M.

DREDGING IN ROCK

Kraemer estimated the cost of digging drainage canals at one and six-tenths cents per cubic yard, or $112,637 for a canal 24 miles long, 150 feet wide and 8 feet deep.

VALUE OF LANDS WHEN DRAINED.

In his report to his employer, Hamilton Disston, Kraemer, in 1881, said: "The import duties on sugar for manufacturing purposes from the year 1847 to 1879 varied from 2¾ to 4 cents per pound. We paid out for sugar and allied products during this period, $1,800,000,000. Our western mines produced $1,700,000,000, or in other words, during a period of 32 years, as a nation, we paid out in round numbers $100,000,000 *in excess of the total output in bullion of our famed bonanzas of the West, for an article of consumption every pound of which could have been produced from the soil of Southern Florida.*"

But since Kraemer's report practical farmers have settled on the land in the edge of the Everglades and have demonstrated, by the remarkable success they have made, that this Everglades land, when reclaimed, is the richest and most fertile in the world. Farmers adjacent to New river shipped 125,000 crates of vegetables from Fort Lauderdale during the season just past. The commodities raised from the soil and transported on four miles of this small river now exceed in value those raised from the soil and transported on the St. Johns river, 200 miles in length. Your dredge is now in New river, cuttting its way into the glades. Last year people of the United States paid out for sugar alone $13,500,000 more than the total amount received from exports of corn, wheat, flour, beef and naval stores added together. All of the sugar consumed in the United States in one year can be raised on a small portion of the three million acres which you own in the Everglades. One acre of land in the Everglades is capable of raising and fattening for market two head of cattle. The stockman who is obliged to fence ten acres of land elsewhere to raise two head of cattle, and is also obliged to feed them during the winter months, needs no argument to convince him that the people need the Everglades, where grass grows rich and green the year round and is capable of supporting 20 times the number of cattle per acre. The farmer who is accustomed to haul to market one bale of cotton worth $50 from three acres of ground, which he has worked early and late to cultivate, needs no argument to convince him of the necessity of opening for agricultural pursuits this vast domain when he reads that the land on the border of the Everglades, and exactly similar in character to most of that of the inside area produces year after year with a small amount of work, crops which are sold at prices ranging from $500 to $1,500 per acre.

GREAT VALUE AND PRODUCTIVENESS OF EVERGLADES LAND.

From Gov. Broward's Open Letter to the People of Florida, we quote:

"Then let us look at the agricultural reports of the United States. What do they show? They show that we consume in the United States 2,767,162 tons of sugar per annum. The statistics show that the total amount of sugar produced in the United States from domestic molasses is 15,000 tons; sugar cane, 323,649 tons; maple, 12,000 tons; beet, 170,135 tons; making a grand total of 521,095 tons. *Imported sugar, 2,246,068 tons.*

Domestic sugar, valued at $.03½ per pound—$ 36,476,640.00

Imported sugar, valued at $.03½ per pound—*157,224,760.00*

Imported sugar more than equals all of the following exports, which last year amounted to:

Wheat	$ 47,446,921.00
Wheat flour	3,905,579.00
Naval stores	18,106,641.00
Beef	34,858,857.00
Total	$144,494,154.00

DREDGING IN THE EVERGLADES.

This is $12,730,606 less than the value of sugar brought in from foreign countries. The same papers will say, 'But what about it? We know that statement is true.' Every one that knows anything about sugar cane knows that South Florida is the home of the sugar cane in the United States. A half million acres of the Florida Everglades will produce cane enough to supply the entire amount of sugar imported here from foreign countries, without being in competition with any other cane growers in Florida, or in fact in competition with any other cane growers in the United States, until we had produced more than the total amount imported, which amount exceeds by more than twelve million dollars the amount now received by the citizens of every State in the Union, for exports of corn, flour, wheat, beef, and naval stores, and, as is understood by sugar experts and others who have investigated sugar cane growing and manufacturing, to be able to economically produce sugar, the cane must be near enough to the mill, so that it can be placed in cars by machinery, run into the mill on one side as cane, and go out at the other side as granulated sugar, and the supply of cane must be great enough to furnish not less than three hundred tons per day. In the Everglades we have millions of acres of land without a tree or root upon it, that is as rich as any in the world, and millions of acres suitable for cane, where it can be grown in solid bodies to meet the requirements for sugar manufacturing. To clear and make fit for cultivation a half million acres in any other part of the United States, would require from fifteen to thirty million dollars.

The newspapers may say, 'What would it cost to drain a half million acres of the Everglades?' I would say that $1.00 per acre would be a large allowance for the expense. The newspapers would say, 'Why not select a half million acres of land that does not require drainage, as a cane field?' I will answer that they cannot find a half million acres in one body anywhere else in the United States, suitable to grow sugar cane, and if a half million acres of rich, hammock land can be found, it would require some thirty to sixty dollars an acre to clear of timber, scrub and roots, and prepare it for cultivation, which would mean from fifteen to thirty million dollars, and as there are not many farmers worth that sum, I do not expect soon to see such a cane field anywhere else than in the Everglades, even if the land could be found.

Consider the small cane fields in the northern portions of Florida and the southern portions of Georgia in the sugar problem. The lands in these sections suitable for the cultivation of sugar cane are not close enough together to warrant the establishment of a sugar mill, therefore it has been decided that they must sell syrup, rather than undertake to make sugar for the market.

Ann Boyd.

By Will N. Harben.

Chapter XI.

THE continuous dry weather during the month of June had caused many springs and a few wells to become dry, and the women of that section found it difficult to get sufficient soft water for the washing of clothes. Mrs. Hemingway, whose own well was fed from a vein of limestone water too hard to be of much use in that way, remembered a certain rock-bottom pool in a shaded nook at the foot of the rugged hill back of her house where at all times of the year a quantity of soft, clear water was to be found; so thither, with a great bundle of household linen tied up in a sheet, she went one morning shortly after breakfast.

Her secret ailment had not seemed to improve under the constant application of the peddler's medicine, and as her doubts of ultimate recovery increased correspondingly, her strength seemed to wane. Hence she paused many times on the way to the pool to rest. Finally arriving at the spot and lowering her burden, she met a great and irritating surprise, for, bending over a tub at the edge of the pool, and quite in command of the only desirable space for the placing of tubs and the sunning of articles, was Ann Boyd. Their eyes met in a stare of indecision like that of two wild animals meeting in a forest, and there was a moment's preliminary silence. It was broken by an angry outburst from the new-comer. "Huh!" she grunted, "you here?"

It was quickly echoed by a satisfied laugh from the depths of Ann's sun-bonnet. "You bet, old lady, I've beat you to the tank. You've toted your load here for nothing. You might go down-stream a few miles and find a hole good enough for your few dirty rags. I've used about all this up. It's getting too muddy to do any good, but I've got about all I want."

"This land isn't yours," Jane Hemingway asserted, almost frothing at the mouth. "It belongs to Jim Sansom."

"Jim may hold deeds to it," Ann laughed again, "but he's too poor to fence it in. I reckon it's public property, or you wouldn't have lugged that dirty load all the way through the broiling sun on that weak back of yours."

Jane Hemingway stood panting over her big snowball. She had nothing to say. She could not find a use for her tongue. Through her long siege of underhand warfare against the woman at the tub she had wisely avoided a direct clash with Ann's eye, tongue, or musele. She was more afraid of those things to-day than she had ever been. A chill of strange terror had gone through her, too, at the mention of her weak back. That the peddler had told Ann about the cancer she now felt was more likely than ever. Without a word Jane bent to lift her bundle, but her enemy, dashing the water from her big, crinkled hands, had advanced towards her.

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"You just wait a minute," Ann said, sharply, her great eyes flashing, her hands resting on her stocky hips. "I've got something to say to you, and I'm glad to get this chance. What I've got to hurl in your death-marked face, Jane Hemingway, isn't for other ears. It's for your own rotting soul. Now, you listen!"

Jane Hemingway gasped. "Death-marked face," the root of her paralyzed tongue seemed to articulate to the wolf-pack of fears within her. Her thin legs began to shake, and, to disguise the weakness from her antagonist's lynx eyes, she sank down upon her bundle. It yielded even to her slight weight, and her sharp knees rose to a level with her chin.

"I don't want to talk to you," she managed to say, almost in a tone of appeal.

"Oh, I know that, you trifling hussy, but I do to you, Jane Hemingway. I'm going to tell you what you are. You are worse than a thief —than a negro thief that steals corn from a crib at night, or meat from a smoke-house. You are a low-lived, plotting liar. For years you have railed out against my character. I was a bad woman because I admitted my one fault of girlhood, but you married a man and went to bed with him that you didn't love a speck. You did that to try to hide a real love for another man who was another woman's legal husband. Are you listening?—I say, are you *listening?*"

"Yes, I'm listening," faltered Jane Hemingway, her face hidden under her bonnet.

"Well, you'd better. When I had my first great trouble, God is witness to the fact that I thought I loved the young scamp who brought it about. I *thought* I loved him, anyway. That's all the excuse I had for not listening to advice of older people. I wasn't old enough to know right from wrong, and, like lots of other young girls, I was bull-headed. My mother never was strict with me, and nobody else was interested in me enough to learn me self-protection. I've since then been brought through college in that line, and such low, snaky agents of hell as you are were my professors. No wonder you have hounded me all these years. You loved Joe Boyd with all the soul you had away back there, and you happened to be the sort that couldn't stand refusal. So when you met him that day on the road, and he told you he was on the way to ask me the twentieth time to be his wife, you followed him a mile and fell on his neck and threatened suicide, and begged and cried and screamed so that the wheat-cutting gang at Judmore's wondered if somebody's house was afire. But he told you a few things about what he thought of me, and they have rankled with you through your honeymoon with an unloved husband, through your period of childbirth, and now as you lean over your grave. Bad woman that you are, you married a man you had no respect for to hide your disappointment in another direction. You are decent in name only. Thank God, my own conscience is clear. I've been wronged all my life more than I ever wronged beast or man. I had trouble; but I did no wrong according to my dim lights. But you—you with one man's baby on your breast went on hounding the wife of another who had won what you couldn't get. You, I reckon, love Joe Boyd to this day, and will the rest of your life. I reckon you thought when he left me that he would marry you, but no man cares for a woman that cries after him. You even went over there to Gilmer a month or so ago to try to attract his attention with new finery bought on a credit, and you even made up to the daughter that was stolen from me, but I have it from good authority that neither one of them wanted to have anything to do with you."

"There's not a bit of truth in that," said the weaker woman, in

"YOU JUST WAIT A MINUTE!"

feeble self-defense. She would have said some of the things she was always saying to others but for fear that, driven further, the strong woman might actually resort to violence. No, there was nothing for Jane Hemingway to do but to listen.

"Oh, I don't care what you deny," Ann hurled at her. "I know what I'm talking about." Then Ann's rage led her to say something which, in calmer mood, she would, for reasons of her own, not have even hinted at. "Look here, Jane," she went on, bending down and touching the shrinking shoulder of her enemy, "in all your life you never heard me accused of making false predictions. When I say a thing, folks know that I know what I'm talking about and look for it to happen. So now I say, positively, that I'm going to get even with you. Hell and all its inmates have been at your back for a score of years, but God—Providence, the law of nature, or whatever it is that rights wrong—is bound to prevail, and you are going to face a misfortune—a certain sort of misfortune—that I know all about. I reckon I'm making a fool of myself in preparing you for it, but I'm so glad it's coming that I've got to tell it to somebody. When the grim time comes I want you to remember that you brought it on yourself."

Ann ceased speaking and stood all of a quiver before the crouching creature. Jane Hemingway's blood, at best sluggish of action, turned cold. With her face hidden by her bonnet, she sat staring at the ground. All her remaining strength seemed to have left her. She well knew what Ann meant. The peddler had told her secret—had even revealed more of the truth than he had to her. Discovering that Ann hated her, he had gone into grim and minute particulars over her affliction. He had told Ann the cancer was fatal, that the quack lotion he had sold would only keep the patient from using a better remedy or resorting to the surgeon's knife. In any case, her fate was sealed, else Ann would not be so positive about it.

"I see I hit you all right that pop, madam!" Ann chuckled. "Well, you will wait the day in fear and trembling that is to be my sunrise of joy. Now, pick up your duds and go home. I want you out of my sight."

Like a subject under hypnotic suggestion, Jane Hemingway, afraid of Ann, and yet more afraid of impending fate, rose to her feet. Ann had turned back to her tub and bent over it. Jane felt a feeble impulse to make some defiant retort, but could not rouse her bound tongue to action. In her helplessness and fear she hated her enemy more than ever before, but could find no adequate way of showing it. The sun had risen higher and its rays beat fiercely down on her thin back, as she managed to shoulder her bundle and move homeward.

Chapter XII.

She had scarcely turned the bend in the path, and was barely out of Ann's view, when she had to lower her bundle and rest. Seated on a moss-grown stone near the dry bed of the stream which had fed Ann's pool before the drought, she found herself taking the most morbid view of her condition. The delicate roots of the livid growth on her breast seemed to be insidiously burrowing more deeply towards her heart than ever before. Ah, what a fool she had been at such a crisis to listen to an idle tramp, who had not only given her a stone when she had paid for bread, but had revealed her secret to the one person she had wished to keep it from! But she essayed to convince herself that all hope was not gone, and the very warning Ann had angrily uttered might be turned to advantage. She would now be open about her trouble, since Ann knew it, anyway, and perhaps medical skill might help her,

even yet, to triumph. Under that faint inspiration she shouldered her burden and crept slowly homeward.

Reaching her cottage, she dropped the ball of clothes at the door and went into the sitting-room, where Virginia sat complacently sewing at a window on the shaded side of the house. The girl had only a few moments before washed her long, luxuriant hair, and it hung loose and beautiful in the warm air. She was merrily singing a song, and hardly looked at her mother as she paused near her.

"Hush, for God's sake, hush!" Jane groaned. "Don't you see I'm unable to stand?"

In sheer astonishment Virginia turned her head and noticed her mother's pale, long-drawn face. "What is it, mother, are you sick?"

By way of reply the old woman sank into one of the hide-bottomed chairs near the open doorway and groaned again. Quickly rising, and full of grave concern, the girl advanced to her. Standing over the bowed form, she looked out through the doorway and saw the bundle of clothes.

"You don't mean to tell me, mother, that you have carried that load all about looking for water to wash in!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, I took them to the rock-pool and back; but that ain't it," came from between Jane's scrawny hands, which were now spread over her face. "I am strong enough bodily, still, but I met Ann Boyd down there. She had all the place there was, and had muddied up the water. Virginia, she knows about that spot on my breast that the medicine peddler said was a cancer. She wormed it out of him. He told her more than he did me. He told her it would soon drag me to the grave. It's a great deal worse than it was before I began to rub his stuff on it. He's a quack. I was a fool not to go to a regular doctor right at the start."

"You think, then, that it really *is* a cancer?" gasped the girl, and she turned pale.

"Yes, I have no doubt of it now, from the way it looks and from the way that woman gloated over me. She declared she knew all about it, and that nothing on earth had made her so glad. I want to see Dr. Evans. I wish you'd run over to his house and have him come."

"But he's not a regular doctor," protested the girl, mildly. "They say he is not allowed to practice, and that he only uses remedies of his own making. The physicians at Darley were talking of having him arrested not long ago."

"Oh, I know all that," Jane said, petulantly, "but that's because he cured one or two after they had been given up by licensed doctors. He knows a lots, and he will tell me, anyway, whether I've got a cancer or not. He knows what they are. He told Mrs. Hiram Snodgrass what her tumor was, and under his advice she went to Atlanta and had it cut out, and saved her life when two doctors was telling her it was nothing but a blood eruption that would pass off. You know he is good-hearted."

With a troubled nod, Virginia admitted that this was true. Her sweet mouth was drawn down in pained concern, a stare of horror lay in her big, gentle eyes. "I'll go bring him," she promised. "I saw him pass with a bag of meal from the mill just now."

"Well, tell him not to say anything about it," Jane cautioned her. "Evidently Ann Boyd has not talked about it much, and I don't want it to be all over the neighborhood. I despise pity. I'm not used to it. If it gets out, the tongues of these busybodies would run me stark crazy. They would roost here like a swarm of buzzards over a dying horse."

Virginia returned in about half an hour, accompanied by a gray-headed and full-whiskered man of about sev-

enty years of age, who had any other than the look of even a country doctor. He wore no coat, and his rough shirt was without button from his hairy neck to the waistband of his patched and baggy trousers. His fat hands were too much calloused by labor in the field and forest, and by digging for roots and herbs, to have felt the pulse of anything more delicate than an ox, and under less grave circumstances his assumed air of the regular visiting physician would have had its comic side.

"Virginia tells me you are a little upset today," he said, easily, after he had gone to the waterbucket and taken a long, slow drink from the gourd. He sat down in a chair near the window, and laid his straw hat upon the floor, from which it was promptly removed by Virginia to one of the beds. "Let me take a look at your tongue."

"I'll do no such of a thing," retorted Jane, flatly. "There is nothing wrong with my stomach. I am afraid I've got a cancer on my breast, and I want to make sure."

"You don't say!" Evans exclaimed. "Well, it wouldn't surprise me. I see 'em mighty often these days. Well, you'd better let me look at it. Stand thar in the door so I can get a good light. I'm wearing my wife's specks. I don't know whar I laid mine, but hope I'll get 'em back. I only paid twenty-five cents for 'em in Darley, and yet three of my neighbors has taken such a liking to 'em that I've been offered as high as three dollars for 'em, and they are only steel rims and are sorter shackly at the hinges at that. Every time Gus Willard wants to write a letter he sends for my specks and lays his aside. I reckon he thinks I'll get tired sendin' back for 'em and get me another pair. Now, that's right"—Mrs. Hemingway had taken a stand in one of the rear doors and unbuttoned her dress. Despite her stoicism, she found herself holding her breath in fear and suspense as to what his opinion would be. Virginia, pale and with a fainting sensation, sat on the edge of the nearest bed, her shapely hands tightly clasped in her lap. She saw Dr. Evans bend close to her mother's breast and touch and press the livid spot.

"Do you feel that?" he asked.

"Yes, and it hurts some when you do that."

"How long have you had it thar?" he paused in his examination to ask, peering over the rims of his spectacles.

"I noticed it first about a year ago, but thought nothing much about it," she answered.

"And never showed it to nobody?" he said, reprovingly.

"I let a peddler, who had stuff to sell, see it awhile back." There was a touch of shame in Jane's face. "He said his medicine would make it slough off, but—"

"Slough nothing! That trifling skunk!" Evans cried. "Why, he's the biggest fake unhung! He sold that same stuff over the mountain to bald-headed men to make hair grow. Huh, I say! they talk about handling *me* by law, and kicking *me* out of the country on account of my knowledge and skill, and let chaps like him scour the country from end to end for its last cent. What the devil gets into you women? Here you've let this thing go on sinking its fangs deeper and deeper into your breast, and only fertilizing it by the treatment he was giving you. Are you hankering for a change of air? Thar was Mrs. Telworthy, that let her liver run on till she was as yaller as a pumpkin with jaundice before she'd come to me. I give 'er two bottles of my purifier, and she could eat a barbecued ox in a month."

"What do you think I ought to do about this?" asked Jane; and Virginia, with strange qualms at heart, thought that her mother had put it

that way to avoid asking if the worst was really to be faced.

Evans stroked his bushy beard wisely. "Do about it?" he repeated, as he went back to his chair, leaving the patient to button her dress with stiff, fumbling fingers. "I mought put you on a course of my blood purifier and wait developments, and, Sister Hemingway, if I was like the regular run of doctors, with their own discoveries on the market, I'd do it in the interest of science, but I'm not going to take the risk on my shoulders. A man who gives domestic remedies like mine is on safe ground when he's treating ordinary diseases, but I reckon a medical board would decide that this was a case for a good, steady knife. Now, I reckon you'd better get on the train and take a run down to Atlanta and put yourself under Dr. Putnam, who is noted far and wide as the best cancer expert in the land."

"Then—then that's what it is?" faltered Mrs. Hemingway.

"Oh yes, that's what you've got, all right enough," said Evans, "and the thing now is to uproot it."

"How—how much would it be likely to cost?" the widow asked, her troubled glance on Virginia's horror-stricken face.

"That depends," mused Evans. "I've sent Putnam a number of cases, and he would, I think, make you a special widow-rate, being as you and me live so nigh each other. At a rough guess, I'd say that everything—board and room and nurse, treatment, medicines, and attention—would set you back a hundred dollars."

"But where am I to get that much money?" Jane said, despondently.

"Well, thar you have me," Evans laughed. "I reckon you know your resources better than anybody else, but you'll have to rake it up some way. You ain't ready to die yet. Callihan has a mortgage on your land, hain't he?"

"Yes, and on my crop not yet gathered," Jane sighed; "he even included every old hoe and axe and piece of harness, and the cow and calf, and every chair and knife and fork and cracked plate in the house."

"Well," and Evans rose and reached for his hat, "as I say, you'll have to get up the money; it will be the best investment you could make."

When he had left, Virginia, horror-stricken, sat staring at her mother, a terrible fear in her face and eyes.

"Then it really *is* a cancer?" she gasped.

"Yes, I was afraid it was all along," said Jane. "You see, the peddler said so plainly, and he told Ann Boyd about it. Virginia, she didn't know I knew how bad it was, for she hinted at some awful end that was to overtake me, as if it would be news to me. Daughter, I'm going to try my level best to throw this thing off. I always had a fear of death. My mother had before me; she was a Christian woman, and was prepared, if anybody was, and yet she died in agony. She laid in bed and begged for help with her last breath. But my case is worse than hers, for my one foe in this life is watching over me like a hawk. Oh, I can't stand it! You must help me study up some way to raise that money. If it was in sight, I'd feel better. Doctors can do wonders these days, and I'll go to that big one if I possibly can."

(To be continued.)

Yussuf, the Yezidee.

By Frank E. Anderson.

The Yezidees live in the Western part of Turkey in Asia, near the mountains. The Turks call them "Devil-worshipers," because they are neither Mohammedans nor Christians but follow a faith older than either, having in it elements of the cult of the ancient Persians.

Mufti. One of the doctors of the law, who expound the Koran, which is the Bible of the Mohammedans, but is also the law applied in the courts. The Mufti sits in court, receives pleas, examines into cases and explains them to the Judge.

The Tree of the Janizaries is a plane-tree so huge that it takes ten men in a circle to surround its trunk. It stands in the Court of the Janizaries, which is the first enclosure of the old Seraglio, in Constantinople. This old Seraglio was once the palace of the Sultan, his fortress, a sanctuary, an armory and the divan of the Great Council. Under the Tree of the Janizaries are still seen two small stone columns on which men were beheaded. All who sought interviews with the Sultan had to pass through this court and by this tree.

The gloomy second gate. From the first court of the Old Seraglio, the second was entered by the Gate of Health, very much so miscalled. This gate was flanked by two towers. It was in reality a room, its front and rear walls consisting of four folding doors, two for each wall. When these were closed, a dark chamber was made, in which men were frequently seized by the executioners and put to death secretly by order of the Sultan.

Lest my head fall into the basin. At the outer gate of the old Seraglio, the heads of those who had been decapitated were hung up on hooks or exposed in a silver basin to strike terror to the hearts of passers by.

Azrael. The Angel of Death.

Dirhem. A coin of very trifling value.

Piaster. A coin varying in value, among the Turks, ranging at different times from eight to twenty-five cents.

Instrument of Redemption. The Koran—that Bible of the Mohammedans—directs a slave-owner to allow his worthy slaves to free themselves. The passage is interesting. "And unto such of your slaves as desire a written instrument allowing them to redeem themselves on paying a certain sum, write one, if ye know good in them; and give them of the riches of God, which He hath given you." (Koran, Chap. XXIV.)

Kiosk. A Turkish house, originally a summer-house but afterwards made a pattern for the dwellings of the inmates of the Sultan's harem.

Padishah. A title of the highest rank, meaning "protecting master"—exclusively reserved to the Sultan by the Turks.

Odalisques. Female slaves or concubines in the Sultan's harem.

The Spring Song of Mesihi. A famous song, written by Mesihi, a poet of the time of Sultan Selim the First. (First part of the Sixteenth Century.)

Mother Atropos. The old Greek woman, in charge of the slaves of Zobeide, the Sultan's sister.

The Sheik of Islam. The Sultan of Turkey is absolute in matters both temporal and spiritual, but he appoints as his agent in religious affairs an officer called the Sheik of Islam, while his agent in worldly matters is called the Grand Vizier.

Pashas. Turkish governors of provinces or commanders of troops.

The Janizaries. Infantry, the Sultan's body-guard and the flower of his army. These famous soldiers, who were for many years the terror of Christian Europe, were first introduced into the Turkish army by Sultan Orchan. They were young Christians, for the most part, in the beginning, but were brought up as Mohammedans, after they had been taken captive by the Turks. Orchan's idea was expanded by Sultan Amurath. Many thousands of the strongest and

most beautiful Christian youth were seized. They were educated in religion and arms and were consecrated by a celebrated dervish, in these words: "Let them be called janizaries," (i. e. new soldiers), "May their countenance be ever bright, their hand victorious; their sword keen. May their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies; and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face!" (White face and black face are proverbial terms of praise and reproach in the Turkish language.) . . . The Janizaries continued in existence till the first part of the Nineteenth Century, when they were slaughtered because they had become a menace to the life of the Sultan himself.

Shiraz. A Persian wine.

The Loves of Leyli and Majnun. A poem by Fuzuli, who lived in the first half of the Sixteenth Century.

Yashmak. The veil worn by a Mohammedan woman. It is in two pieces. One covers the hair and forehead; the other, the lower part of the face.

Spahi. Cavalry.

Sheik. A chief or other man of eminence.

Bey. Governor of a town or a particular district. In the army, it corresponds roughly with our rank of Colonel.

THE STORY.

"I had sought the Comptroller of the Porters that I might pass to show you these gems, when I saw a tall brown-bearded fellow, beneath whose Assyrian turban brilliant grey eyes were shining like twilight stars. A loose cloak fell from his broad shoulders, and parting with every movement of his powerful figure, gave glimpses of an embroidered jacket and short gown reaching to the red boots, which, with his sword and dagger, proclaimed him the warrior. As he neared me, his mantle brushed against a Mufti, who dodged, and shaking his snowy robes, cried out: 'A Devil worshipper!' At this, three of the keepers of the threshold whirled the stranger beneath the Tree of the Janizaries and forced his neck across the marble pillar to decapitate him. Thereupon, he roared: 'I hold your Master's cipher' and forthwith the bronzed Mufti faded out of sight and the frightened guards bowed, until their golden uniforms and jeweled girdles and silver helmets kissed the dust. But, heeding not their obeisances, the soldier vanished through the gloomy second gate."

Zobeide looked up from the diamonds which were cradled in her palm: "Ten thousand sequins for this bauble!" said she: "Your hero must have thrust the right price from your brain, and no wonder—since his bare picture stirs my blood! You shall take him a note from me this day."

The brow of Kesem contracted. Her frame tottered. Her fingers worked. Through chattering teeth she stammered:

"Oh! Bid me not, lest my head fall into the basin!"

Disdainful pity burned in Zobeide's glance, as she replied:

"Is breath so dear that you, a slave, fear to serve me, another slave —for I am Sister to the Sultan? Go! I no longer ask it."

By this time, tears were glistening in the damsel's lashes.

"I am young," she answered, "and do not wish to die. Still, you have been ever kind, and—he shall have your message."

"Nor shall you lack reward," exclaimed the Princess. Clapping thrice, "Saffie, my desk!" she commanded. "You, Skekubuli, fetch the treasure-chest. Amine, bring your saffron cloak. You shall own a better, in exchange." And, her maids hav-

ing obeyed and withdrawn, she wrote:

"If, though you wear the beard of a man, you mate with it a woman's heart, these lines are not for you. But, if you dare break spears with Azrael, be at Nathan the Silversmith's at the second hour of twelve. Till then, farewell."

Then, "this pays for the precious stones," she said, surrendering a hoard in purple to Kesem, "and this" delivering to her a carmine purse, "is purchase-money for your father's freedom and your own. Yet, bargain shrewdly. Nathan fancies a dirhem more than the Sultan an odalisque. Nor pay one piaster till he receipt in full for you twain on the written instrument of your redemption. Now, off with your wrap! On with Amine's! Here is the letter."

II

In the distance, the Sea of Marmora was moaning as, over the horizon's black and tragic visage those trembling daughters of the thunder-bolt, the heat lightnings, were drawing their veil of quivering fire. No moon had risen to blanch the leaden roof of the ruby-colored kiosk among those swart umbrella pines, which were swaying like gigantic Ethiopian mutes edging the scimitar of destiny on the dun grindstone of fate. But there within, seen through dim lattices and grim iron bars, lamps were sparkling like the eyes of imprisoned sultanas and yonder, starting from the Padishah's pavilion were roseate globes of light, which, playing peep-bo but growing constantly larger, disclosed a party of women and a man, whose gay crimson turban and amber garments contrasted sharply with the melancholy gravity clouding his handsome features.

They paused before the porch and the odalisques chanted to throbbing guitars the Spring Song of Mesihi, while the squat negress, who had trod their footsteps, set down her basket of wine and crouched to listen. In a few moments, a wicket was thrust aside and Mother Atropos commenced to scold. But when he, who was with them, stepped into sight, she was stricken dumb, threw the door wide and salaamed to its sill. As he entered, Zobeide, after first touching her temples with her white fingers to be sure that the scarlet poppies were still slumbering at peace in the midnight tide of the thick tresses of her flowing hair, advanced to meet him.

"What wind from heaven blows you hither?" she inquired, as she led him to a green divan, on which his signature was wrought in pearls, and placed a velvet footstool for his feet. Settling himself comfortably among the cushions, he laughed, as he replied:

"The Sheik of Isla might swear that the breeze is from another quarter, since I bring with me juice from the grape. Yet I have cause. Knaves surround me; I am the slave of slaves; I give audience to fools, falsias player of that role, but to you in fiers and fanatics. Why this very day, while I was hearkening to the complaints of the Faithful, a stalwart rascal in red boots shoved in and, matching me stare for stare without bending his insolent body an inch, blurted forth a tirade about my tax-gatherers tolling the last cluster of the peasant's vines and about my recruiting sergeants bayoneting the sons of his province into my army, where the lads learned the Koran and forgot the religion of their fathers. Would I not appoint honest collectors? And could not their priests accompany these boys? 'Who are you?' I asked him. 'I am Yussuf, the Yezidee,' quoth he. 'A Devil Worshipper!' I exclaimed. 'Not so,' he answered, 'a Yezidee.' My men-at-arms bounded forward but he laid a scrap of parchment on my lap and I saw my own name signed to his passport. With

experiences such as this, do you wonder that I want wine to teach me to forget that I am the Fool of Fate?"

"I shall not drink to your health your glorious character as King of Kings, God's Shadow on the Earth!"

"And am I such, do you believe? Then know that I have chosen you a husband."

"Some fine young fellow, is he?"

"I have selected Abd-ul-khan."

"But—he is sixty years old, bald, toothless, gray, gor-bellied, bow-legged, drunken and has three wives already."

"He will divorce them. And he is the wealthiest of the Pashas. Your nuptials will be all that bride could wish."

"Except as to the bridegroom," she sobbed.

He sighed. "The Janizaries favor him," he replied. "If I refuse you to him, I die, and he will wed you nevertheless. Submit with grace, since I shall scheme for vengeance, which soon will widow you."

"The bowstring, rather than such wedlock," she almost shrieked. His expression hardened. He rose. "The third day hence," he said, "the marriage shall take place."

And now the odalisques ranged themselves before him, and he twisted the ring from his little finger and stretched it forth to Khurrem, whose countenance flamed as, thrusting the token into her boddice, and escorted by her envious companions, she followed him from the apartment. Up sprang Zobeide. Tearing the wreath of poppies from her dusky locks, she trampled on it. Nor content with that, she dashed the goblets on the marble pavement. Then slightly relieved and observing that Mother Atropos was gaping through the grill after the retiring Sultan, while her other servants had fled at the outburst of her wrath, she poured dull drops of sluggish liquor into the remaining bottle of Shiraz and, calling to her girls, "Return," she ordered, and finish my Brother's gift; but in honor of both authority and age, let Mother Atropos quaff first."

Perched sidewise on the arm of a low chair, she struck a few chords on her mandolin and her rich contralto voice began singing the loves of Leyli and Mejnun; while, cross-legged on their rugs, her damsels were chattering to each other as Mother Atropos snored in the narrow entry. Suddenly that snoring ceased. Screaming, "The lights are going out!" Amine plunged on the lounge and lay there. Saffie was staggering, gasping: "Mistress, the wine—the wine was poisoned," while Skekubuli panting "Air! Air! I can not breathe," sank face downward to the floor. And now that everything was silent, Zobeide swiftly cast about herself the cloak of Kesem; and slipped forth into the darkness.

III.

At the appointed season, the portal of Nathan the Silversmith unclosed at the tap of Yussuf, the Yezidee, and a hand grasped his wrist and drew him into the stall, while a low voice breathed: "Show due respect to a pure, noble and beautiful princess." Seeing nothing, he was led forward. He heard the rustle of a curtain and, the instant after, its folds brushed against him. A step or two more and a second portiere was pulled aside, so that he found himself in a brilliantly illuminated apartment, girdled with rose-colored tapestry, and in the presence of a seated woman, whose snowy yashmak showed nothing but a pair of black and lustrous eyes and whose ample mantle completely concealed her figure. She surveyed him searchingly. Finally, she said: "The Stranger pleases me"—at which, Kesem deftly drew off the wrap and veils and Yussuf beheld Zobeide. Dazzled by the pearly teeth between those half-parted rosy lips

and by the haughty sweetness of that oval face, poised on its long and graceful throat above the softly rising and falling bosom of a form, round and supple yet majestic, the soldier fell upon his knees and unbuckling his sword laid it at her feet.

The color leapt into her cheek.

"Do you love me, then?" she asked.

"I am but a poor rude dweller in the camps," he answered. "Tell me, is it love to feel the warm blood rush to the heart and leave the body cold, as the breath faints within the lungs, while the spirit is gasping with new life and the brain staggers, yet not from wine? If that be love, I do love, you and you only."

"My husband!" she murmured. At these words, a stifled sigh burst from Kesem as, turning away, she whispered: "Alas! I also loved him!"

IV.

"What is the matter Yussuf?"

"Nothing, Zobeide."

But the Yezidee, who had been leaning across the wall of his house, strode toward a trap-door in its roof, while the dying sun, which was staining the snow on the distant mountains with its blood, touched his pupils with the green and dangerous flame, which kindles the eye of a hungry tiger. Ere he could descend, his bride was clinging to him.

"Yes, there is," she exclaimed. "Is it—? She hesitated and pointed toward the village.

Hitherto, the gathering stillness had been broken only by the distant lowing of the cattle, returning to their stalls, or by the far-off bleating of the sheep, being driven to the fold. Now, however, the inhabitants were rushing from the flat tops of their homes where they had been smoking, drinking, chatting and enjoying the evening breeze, and the quiet scene was in confusion from the clattering of hoofs and the jingling of spurs and the rattling of scabbards, as two squadrons of Spahis dashed in. This it was, which had stricken from Yussuf, the Yezidee, a bitter curse. But, beneath his wife's touch, a gentler expression dawned on his countenance and, folding her to him, he caressed her fondly, before repeating:

"Nothing, Zobeide."

"Where are you going?"

"There! There!" and he tenderly released himself. "I shall soon return."

Satisfied that he was about exposing himself to danger, she hastened to clothe herself in a suit of his garments and stole after him. To her surprise, he threaded the woods on the margin of the lake, and entered a cave which, in her convulsive spasms, Nature had gnashed with her teeth out of the flinty cliff. By the dim light within, the Princess marked Yussuf and a woman talking earnestly. But, when he threw his arm around the hussy and kissed her cheek, his wife shrieked with grief and jealous rage.

"Fly through the other entrance," the Yezidee entreated his companion, who bounded to her canoe, while he leapt forward. The attack was unexpected by Zobeide, for she had forgotten that she was in disguise. She recoiled to the wall. Before she could speak, he struck. The cold steel grazed her; but her nimble feet saved her and the scimitar smashed into fragments against the rock. Uttering a fiery oath, he hurled the hilt and, as she bent to escape it, gripped her and forced her to the floor when, her turban rolling off:

"Zobeide!" he gasped, instantly releasing her. "What in God's name brings you here?"

She covered her face and, bursting into tears, fled to her apartments. When he too, had reached them, he could hear her sobbing.

"Zobeide!" he exclaimed. But there was no answer. He tapped on

the door: "My darling wife!" he cried, "Listen!" But she retorted "Wretch, I hate you!" "Your wrath is hot now," he rejoined, "but when it cools, you will be sorry for that speech—since you say you hate me, which shows me that you love me." As he turned away, he was laughing. The next instant, his light steps died on the stairs and, through her lattice, she beheld him riding off in the starlight.

He had wronged her! Her sufferings amused him! With both hands she clutched the black masses of her disheveled hair and, with unconscious cruelty, tore those silky locks—ceasing only to scream despairingly, "He loves me not! He loves me not!" as she beat her white breast until it was purple with great bruises while, from her bitten lip, the streaming blood scored with scarlet, features frightful in their pallor and in the strained glance of eyes, which seemed all pupils staring at revenge. Scrawling: "I am Zobeide, Sister to the Sultan. You will find me in the castle of Yussuf, the Yezidee. Slay him! He is among the hills," and sealing the missive, she called: "Kesem, good Kesem, take this note to the Colonel yonder. What? Do you shrink?" for the damsel was hesitating. "Put on these male garments. Those are my brother's troops and will not harm you. I want guards here; for my husband is absent and his tribe would do me evil. Hasten, Kesem."

Reluctantly the maid disguised herself. Reluctantly she received the letter. But she could not refuse aid to the one to whom she owed her freedom. When she presented the writing, the officer of the guards was—Abd-ul-khan! Hardly had he read it, when he sprang up and fairly howled: "Ali! Ali! Picket one squadron around Yussuf, the Yezidee's abode. The rest follow me! I am going to bag the abductor of Princess Zobeide and win myself a bride. You, my lad," turning to Kesem, "shall ride with me and bear the traitor's pate, as my wedding present, home to your mistress."

Everything seemed suddenly to have been broken from its foundations and to be swinging in a dizzying circle around the poor girl and the sound of many waters was in her ears. But she had work to do, other than fainting. Mounting the Arabian mare, which they had brought, she ranged herself by Abd-ul-khan and although her anguish had stained her tense mouth blue, she held the reins firmly as, with her and their Colonel well in front, the soldiers started in a trot, which soon became a gallop, toward the hills, whitening yonder beneath the rising moon. Ten minutes! Then a dark mass, tipped with gleaming points, stirred in those shadows. It caught the quick glance of Abd-ul-khan. "Close up," he commanded. "There they are!" But another had seen them also. For Kesem darted swiftly past him, halooing: "Yussuf! Yussuf! the Sultan's hirelings seek you!" Down came those points in a baleful line, as the Yezidees thundered up. They were near her now—so near that she perceived the grim smile of their leader, Yussuf, as he picked out his opponent in Abd-ul-khan—when an arrow pierced her. The blood gushed from her lips. Her lids half-closed. She clutched with vain hands at the mane of her mare. But Yussuf recognized her and caught her ere she fell. "Ah! Kesem," he cried. His tears fell upon her face. He could say no more for sobbing. Spurring from the press he gently laid her on a ledge of stone, where she might breathe her last, untrodden by the horses' hoofs, and, kissing her farewell, he hastened to find the thickest shock of battle, where the savage curses of combatants, the shrill clashing of steel on steel, and the unearthly screams of dying stallions were mingling with the clang

of iron shoes against the rock, and with the sickening groans of the wounded as, on the earth, a dark stream was flowing, which had filled the veins of men. And, ever fiercest raged the centre, since there the Sheik of the Yezidees was hunting the Turkish Bey. At length, their scimiters flamed in a rapid interchange, deadly, if not prolonged: then reeled in his saddle Abd-ul-khan, marked for life by Yussuf. But now, only one of his troopers—and he a stripling—remained with the rebel chieftain. The rest were lying, either dead or dying, on the field. As he wheeled to give Abd-ul-khan the final blow, two of his enemy's cavalry, interposing, charged upon him, one from either side. Beneath the shock of their steeds, his horse went down. He leapt up; but a single stroke severed his neck and his head rolled at the feet of his bleeding foe, Abd-ul-khan, who was not too sorely wounded, however, to shout out. "Spare the boy.." "But I don't want to be spared," snarled the youth, at which, a huge, grizzled fellow, growling, "Do you set your wishes up against our Pasha's will?" knocked him senseless with the flat of his sabre.

When, supported by Ali, the Colonel had entered the castle and, calling for the Princess, who came, clothed in her finest raiment, had handed her his gory gift, she held it up and gazed exultantly on its half-closed eyes and ghastly cheeks, saying: "You have met your just deserts, Traitor to your Sultan, and Traitor to your wife."

But the Yezidee, who stood with his arms bound behind him, stepped in front of her and, meeting her gaze with a look which flashed a hatred equal to her own, "Traitor to the Sultan? Yes—if it be the traitor to die for freedom," he exclaimed. "But no traitor to his wife."

She glared at him.

"Be silent!" she cried. "This very night I saw him embrace a wŏman, whisper in her ear, kiss her on the cheek—"

A scornful laugh broke from the boy as he replied: "No traitor to his wife! I was the girl you saw. This was the cheek he kissed. In this ear he whispered. For I came in woman's garb to bring him tidings through the Turkish lines and bear his orders back."

At these words, Zobeide clasped the head of Yussuf to her heart and with a scream of despair vaulted over the low parapet. There was the flash of a white figure downward—a sudden splash—and then only a gradually widening circle on the blue surface of the waters.

THE PROSPERITY CREATED BY THE PLAIN PEOPLE.
(Adapted from Cartoonist Spangler.)

THE PEOPLE
MY, MISTER HARRIMAN, BUT IT DO PLEASE ME TO SEE YOU INTERESTED IN ME FOR ONCE.
HARRIMAN
Gordon Ross.

A Survey of the World.

The overshadowing event of the past month has been the movement of the railroad magnates to maneuver themselves out of the lime-light of publicity and secure a modus vivendi between themselves and the authorities of the nation and the States. It has finally gotten home to their consciousness that the people are not simply in "a fit of temper" against railway monopolies and wrongs, but are earnestly impressed by the necessity of effectually limiting railway powers and suppressing railway brigandage.

J. Pierpont Morgan has visited President Roosevelt and sought to impress upon the chief magistrate that a great calamity is threatening the railway and "business interests" of the country because of national legislation already enacted and the laws passed or pending in State legislatures. Mr. Morgan spoke as by the card for the railway cabal that centers in Wall Street, and whose power has grown so great as to be largely the modern "governor" of values and progress in the commerce and industries of the nation. His contention is that legislation in favor of rate regulations, reduced fares, and equitable car supplies to shippers, will so reduce the incomes of the railroads as to tremendously affect dividends, slice down the market price of stocks and make new loans for railway betterments and extensions impossible for many years to come.

But Mr. Morgan and his associates do not discuss, but actually refuse to explain, why the present lines of railway in America are loaded with such an excess of stocks and bonds over the real cost of building and maintaining them? He will not make plain what would be a "fair dividend" upon the actual value of the roads, after paying the reasonable cost of operations.

He will not agree that the inflation of stocks *never subscribed for and never earned*, but issued as bond bonuses and as *stock dividends* in excess of cash dividends, to absorb surplus earnings and justify exorbitant tariff charges for the future, should be scaled off the *alleged values* on which dividends are demanded from the people.

It remains to be seen whether the conferences between Morgan, Mellen and other magnates will modify the program of justice for the people that President Roosevelt has been following up to date. Nothing certain can be predicted of the result. President Roosevelt is nothing, if not a puzzler.

* * *

President Finley's Address.

On the same line of lamentation was the address made to the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce by President Finley of the Southern Railway Company at a banquet on Tuesday evening, March 19th. The Southern Railway runs through or into every Southern State south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi rivers. The legislation of ten great States can affect its operations, in addition to the exactions that may be made by the federal laws interpreted and applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Naturally President Finley is concerned to mollify public sentiment against the past outrages by his system and to head off as much future regulative legislation as possible.

President Finley has determined to follow up the policy of the late

PRESIDENT W. W. FINLEY, Who Was the Chief Speaker at the Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce.

President Samuel Spencer. He is undertaking to play upon the greed and jealousies of the trade centers reached by his system. He tells Atlanta that the prosperity of her commerce and industries depends upon the liberty of the railroads to make rates favorable to her local interests. He warns the Atlanta business men that fixed and pro-rated mileage tariffs will build up the interests of Savannah, Macon, Birmingham, Nashville and Chattanooga —all to the great detriment of Atlanta as a producing, wholesaling and jobbing metropolis. But into the ears of all those other cities he sings the same siren song. Thus he hopes to arouse local resistance to rate regulation and form a wide-spread and strong sentiment *in the cities* against the equitable regulation of railway freights and service demanded by the people at large—by the millions who toil on the farms, in the forests and in the mines, and whose labor produces *all* that makes freights for the railroads and prosperity for the cities. Already some of these city commercial boards are taking up and sounding the hewgags supplied to them by the railway presidents. Through the manipulation of the railway attorneys concentrated in Nashville where the Tennessee legislature is now in session, the board of trade of that city has resolved that rate regulation is not desirable by the "business interests." We may expect to hear of like resolutions in other cities, especially in Georgia, to affect the forthcoming session of the general assembly of that State.

President Finley's scheme is a shrewd one, but somebody ought to show him that *the people* are now awake and in motion.

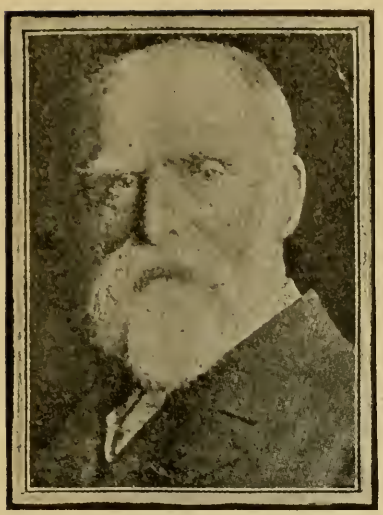
* * *

Bryce, Ambassador.

The new Ambassador from the Court of St. James has arrived and in the glory of diplomatic "dog-clothes" been formally received by President Roosevelt. The give and take felicitations of such an event were peculiarly happy on the occasion.

Mr. Bryce is an English person who has obtained especial favor with the American people because of his sane and sympathetic studies of our national genesis and modern civilization. As we have observed, the coming of Mr. Bryce has given general satisfaction on this side, since it augurs that our relations with the mother country during his residence near the President will be carried forward in an honest spirit of amity and equity.

Mr. Bryce has refused a peerage at the hands of King Edward and thus exhibited something of that fine democracy of temperament that was the glory of Gladstone. He prefers to be identified with the liberties of the commoners who, feeling the power



AMBASSADOR BRYCE

of their position and the security for their rights that they can always compel, are content to have the substance of monarchy, minus its absolute sovereignty.

In other words, Mr. Bryce, as Ambassador to the United States regarding the kingship of his own nation as the imperial knot that serves mostly to bind the unity of Great Britain and her antonomous colonies, will be abler than any of his predecessors for a generation to understand and harmonize the mutual interests of the English empire and this first among all Republics.

With a man of President Roosevelt's accomplishments and versatile character Mr. Bryce cannot but feel much "at home" and find his official functions easy and agreeable.

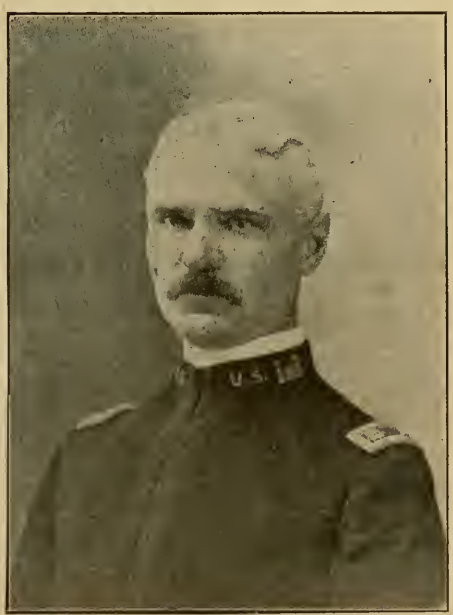
* * *

The Army and the Canal.

Another clearing of decks and rolling-up of sleeves has happened in our efforts to push the work on the Panama canal. Really it was not unexpectable that shifts should be made in the management of that stupendous enterprise before the right men could be found for the right places. Doubtless good results have been obtained by the observations and suggestions made by Engineers Wallace, Shonts and Stevens before they threw up their hands and retired from the job in consecutive order.

The President, we think, has made no mistake now in turning to the engineer corps of the army for skilled and persistent men to undertake the serious parts of the canal work. The men he has chosen for these executive duties are known and approved as among the most finished and productive engineers in the army.

Lt.-Col. George Washington Goethals is a New Yorker who graduated high in his class at West Point in the early 80's and has since been continuously in engineering work of the highest order and national importance. He is known as "six o'clock in the morning." His diligence, knowledge and indefatigable energies are his best credentials authorizing his choice to direct the canal work.



LT.-COL. G. W. GOETHALS

Honestly, the best that can be said of these restitutions by rich men of ill-gotten fortunes is that the people should rejoice that they are "getting back their own," in part, at a belated hour and in a vicarious shape. The Government does not seek out the man who sends "conscience money" to the public treasury that it may applaud him and monumentize him. No more should honest people care that Rockefeller is the man who gives $32,000,000 of spoils to education, or $250,000,000 of plunder to charities. He did not earn them by fair means and he no more deserves plaudits and

Associated with him will be Major David DuBose Gaillard, of South Carolina, and Major William Sibert, of Alabama. Both these officers entered West Point in 1880 and graduated four years later in the first five of their class, entitling them to be officers of engineers.

Major Gaillard comes from one of the most distinguished families of the Palmetto State. One of his ancestors, John Gaillard, was president pro tempore of the United States Senate for three separate terms—1810-11, 1814-18 and 1820-26. Men of his family have been in every one of our national wars and were notable figures of the Confederate army in the Civil war. Major Gaillard was Colonel of the Third United States Volunteer Engineers in the Spanish-American war, serving with great efficiency in Cuba. His regiment was mustered out in Atlanta in 1899.

Major Sibert is also an engineer with a splendid record of things accomplished. He bears the sobriquet of "Old Rubber Boots" because of his active participation in the works that he may be directing. His appointment is generally applauded by his comrades.

Ex-Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, is made a member of the Commission. Thus, with Col. Gorgas, the South has four of the seven men upon whom the nation will now look for "real canal making."

* * *

Rockefeller's Restitution.

Following his gift of $32,000,000 to the cause of general education there comes an uncontradicted report that John D, Rockefeller, Jr., says his father, in his will, is to leave $250,000,000 to be applied to charitable works throughout the Union.

Psychology warrants the thought that a man may have a resistless monomania for the accumulation of goods for which he has no need. The passion of greed is one of the strongest and most cruel that develops in a human soul. And when a man exhibits it in the ultra fashion that Rockefeller has shown it is scant wonder that the concensus of sane men has condemned his selfish acquisitions. Now arises the question as to how far public judgment can honestly go to condone Rockefeller's life of plunder by Rockefeller's occasional and final restitutions of large portions of his hoard to public causes of education and philanthropy?

The general law founded on the Christian principle is that no man is justified in doing wrong throughout his career in order that he may do deeds that men call "good" in his latter years. To reverse that rule would be to anarchize society.

HOW HE CAN DO IT!

THE LATE "PROPHET" DOWIE

honors for the giving of them than the self-obscured man who returns the "conscience money" to the public.

* * *

The Death of Dowie.

Dowie, the self-appointed "Elijah III" is dead. The accounts of *how* he died are conflicting. At the same time, it is unimportant whether he died "as a man of God" should die, or with ravings from his lips and cursings in his posthumous proclamation.

Whatever his futile dupes may have thought of him, all the world realized quickly that he was a protuberant fraud and religious faker. His acquisitive and executive faculties permitted him to accomplish physical successes. These were mistaken by many for evidences of divine favor and co-operation. But the spirit that shone always in *the man Dowie* belied every sign of divinity that men look for in priests and prophets truly called to religious functions. He had none of the graces and developed none of the fruits of the Divine Spirit. By the failure of the signs he became notorious only as one of the most violent and turbulent of modern Anti-Christs.

"Dowieism" as a cult will die with him, without doubt, and the disciples who so blindly followed his imperious presumptions will have room, time and ample occasion to recover from their foolish delusion.

* * *

Sambo in the South.

Ray Stannard Baker, one of the new issue of magazine reporters who hunt up sensations for their publications, has been making studies of the race problem in the Southern States. He promises to report his observations without bias or political comment. His articles, therefore, promise to be illuminating memoranda of conditions affecting the relations between the whites and the negroes in the South. Upon the veraciousness of his selected matter may depend the opinions of hundreds of thousands of thoughtful readers and patriots throughout the nation.

We have no reason to discount in advance the contents of Mr. Baker's series of articles. They will scarcely be revelations to the Southern people and will hardly modify their life-long, intimate and always imminent relations to the white and black problem. While there is, in nearly every local or sectional issue, a viewpoint for the judicial and impartial

RAY STANNARD BAKER.

commentator who is stranger to the controversy proper, this race problem in the South has developed no such point. The Southern man has his experiences and necessities to fix his attitude; the Northern man has only his philosophy and his prejudices by which to proceed, and these land him inevitably in the "No Man's Land" of the great debate.

Long ago Wendell Phillips said, "The negro question is the Gulf stream of our politics." It is as much so now as then. It will continue to affect the sea of things and the climate of opinion in the region through which it flows. The vengefulness that made this negro problem the "black plague" of our civilization was inexpiable enmity. A future generation may be found wise enough to undo the crime of negro suffrage and so end the most serious phases of the present problem. But the blood poison of slavery and negro suffrage will afflict the nation for centuries to come.

Bryan vs. Beveridge.

The Reader magazine made a happy business and political strike when it induced William Jennings Bryan and Senator Albert J. Beveridge to begin and carry forward in its pages a joint debate on "The Problems of The People." The series of papers by these representative men of the Democratic and Republican parties will be followed with interest by their partisans in all sections. What they say in their respective articles should be illuminating as to current politics and inspiring to the thoughts of patriots who are seriously seeking the public welfare.

Mr. Bryan opens the discussion with a primary paper on "Our Dual Government" and in his graphic and engaging fashion distinguishes the doctrines of "State's Rights" and "Centralization" of the Hamiltonian intent. Whatever agreements or disagreements may happen between Republicans and Democrats in the fields of legislation and administration, they must forever stand opposed face to face across the line that delimits Federal supremacy and preserves State sovereignty in all things not constitutionally surrendered to the general Government. Mr. Bryan forcefully presents this "irrepressible conflict" between modern Republicanism and a true Jeffersonian Democracy. His words in defence of the Democratic contention as to the reserved and unsurrendered powers of the States recall the words of Henry Clay Dean, who said: "A Democrat is one who looks to the Declaration of Independence to learn what *are* his rights and to the Constitution to know which of them *he has yielded* to the general government!"

Senator Beveridge writes of "The Nation" and reveals that he is affected incurably, perhaps, with the falsehood that the result of the Civil war was to loosen up the bands and rivets of the Constitution and warp it into a warrant for Nationalism—

the American euphemism for Imperialism. He shows adeptness and ingenuity as a pleader of special instances to buttress an untenable and intolerable general proposition.

Because since the day of Madison the people have come to realize the common interest in interstate commerce and the constitutional duty of the general Government to promote and preserve "the freedom" of it, the distinguished Senator claims that they have abandoned their early dread of "dangerous extensions of federal power." This is an unfair conclusion. The facts of history do not justify it.

Nor is it true that the use of Federal authority to suppress the interstate circulation of obscene literature, lottery tickets, or goods detrimental to the public health are instances of popular submission to acts of centralization impingng upon, or imperilling, State's rights. And nobody knows that such a view is a distorted one better than the Senator who has so fatuously drawn it.

The debate will be continued, and perhaps grow more interesting, in the April number of *The Reader* magazine.

* * *

Cost of the Philippines.

In the recent Congress a representative from Pennsylvania endeavored to find out for an inquirer what the entire cost of the Philippines had been. In reply a long letter was received from the war department. This letter states that "the only expenses against the United States revenues at present is the increased cost of maintenance of troops in the Philippines over that in the United States."

This is very vague and unsatisfactory, as is also the further statement that " as to the amounts expended from the United States treasury by the United States disbursing officers for the support of the army and navy and coast and geodetic survey of the Philippines, it is impossible to obtain any statement which would show how much of such expenditures could be charged to our holding the Philippines."

In other words, there is no division or classification of the expenses such as any business man would expect, hence the public does not know how much the total cost has been.

Senator Clay recently introduced a resolution asking for information on this subject, but it was promptly pigeon-holed in committee. It is said this Senator has experienced much difficulty in collecting facts, but he estimates that the islands are costing the United States between $55,000,000 and $60,000,000 a year.

It is strange that amounts ranging from $300,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 have been set as the cost of the Philippines to the United States, yet there is no complete official statement made by the government.

* * *

War in Central America.

There is a war on between the small republics of Honduras and Nicaragua. Various and sundry pints of blood have been already spilled by unfortunate soldiers on either side who did not dodge in time. The war arose over the pursuit of some Honduran insurrectos into Nicaraguan territory. These skeedadlers then turned back and tried to turn their trick again on Honduran soil and the government of that country called it a Nicaraguan invasion and proceeded to declare war. The court of arbitration set up by the treaty of Corinto, signed by Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador, met and tried to settle the affair, but Honduras kicked out of the conference. President Roosevelt and President Diaz, of Mexico, then interposed with a tender of peaceable arbitrament, but Nicaragua and Honduras turned them down cold and are going on with their riot.

"PLEASANT VIEW"—MRS. EDDY'S HOME, CONCORD, N. H.

The Mrs. Eddy Unveiling.

The great mystery which has so long enveloped the personality and the performances of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, founder and faith-mother of the Christian Science Church, is in the way to be unveiled in a common law court. The son, grand-daughter and nephew of the venerable lady have filed a bill to appoint a receiver for her affairs, claiming that she is mentally incompetent to care for her interests and that her rights and properties are being appropriated by a designing clique of her trusted agents.

The storm-centers are her home, Pleasant View, where she resides, and the nearby courthouse in Concord, New Hampshire. The case for the movants is in the hands of Ex-Senator William E. Chandler, one of the shrewdest and most sleuth-like lawyers in this nation.

The alleged representatives of Mrs. Eddy deny all allegations made against her and them in toto. That should make the case one easy of settlement. Mrs. Eddy can personally appear in court and, if she is sane and capable, promptly make proof of the facts to the court.

In this case there is no attack made upon the cult of Christian Science. It seems to be only one more of those "money storms" that have wrecked so many religious enterprises in the past.

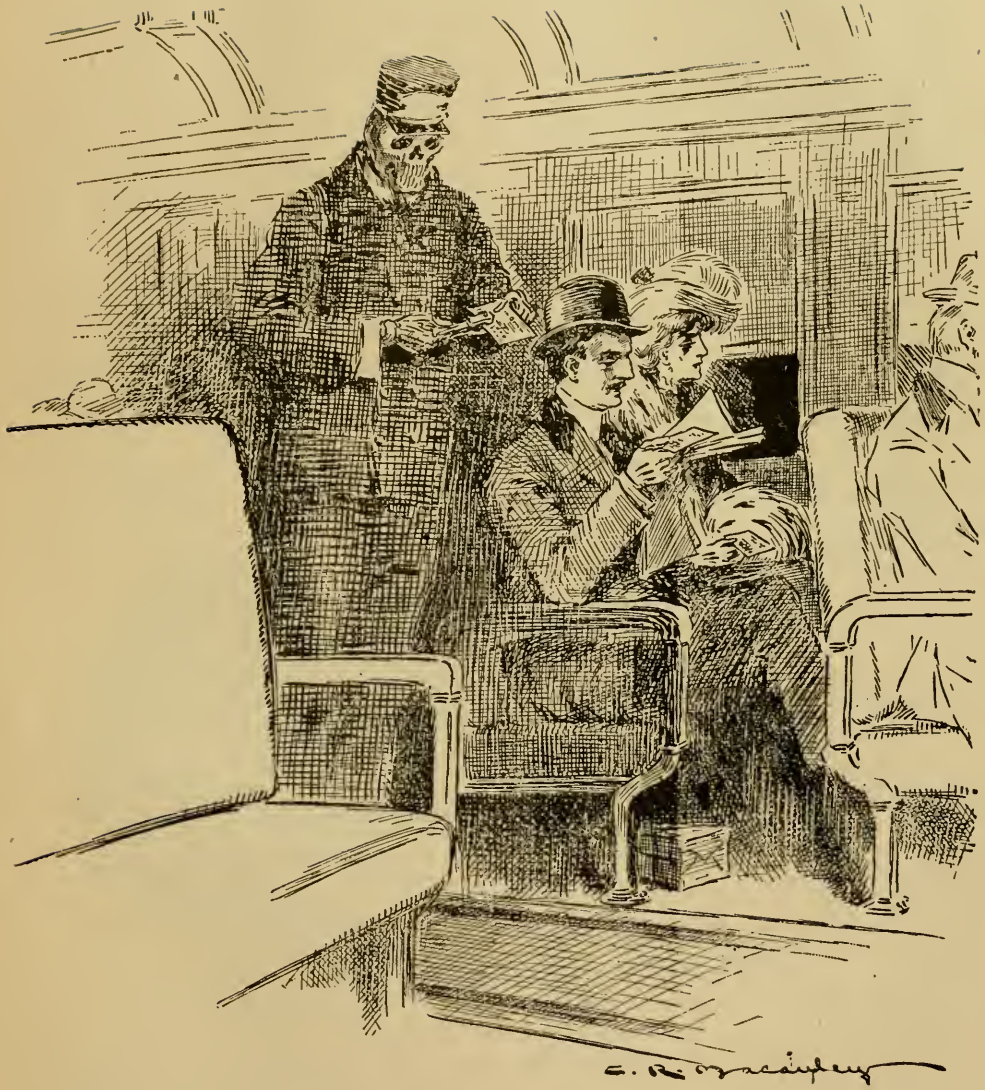
* * *

Oklahoma's Constitution.

The constitution of the new State of Oklahoma has been drafted and will be voted upon at a special election on August 6.

The convention was overwhelmingly Democratic, being composed of 100 Democrats and 12 Republicans.

Probably the most important measure killed by the convention was the provision relative to separate coaches for whites and negroes, although the Democrats had been pledged to insert it. Several delegates alleged on the floor that President Roosevelt would reject the constitution if the Jim



By Macauley in the New York World.

THE PRESENT DAY CONDUCTOR.

Crow proposition was adopted, and warning letters were sent delegates by Senators Tillman, Pettus and others.

Woman suffrage was defeated by a few votes.

The initiative and referendum, patterned after the Oregon law, was adopted, as was a provision providing for the nomination of all State officers and United States Senators by primaries.

Succession in State offices is prohibited, and it is provided that the Senate committees shall not be named by the Lieutenant Governor, but be selected by the body itself.

Oklahoma will be a prohibition State, the most stringent liquor law in existence, prohibiting not only the sale but the introduction of liquor into the State being provided for. The enabling act provided that Indian Territory must accept prohibition for twenty-one years. The convention provided that the whole State shall vote on the question, and there is no doubt that the terms of the enabling act will be made uniform over the whole State.

Provision is made for a State railway commission, to be elective, and a two-cent passenger fare ordered.

Railway companies are prohibited from owning any productive agency of a natural commodity, a provision particularly intended to cover coal lands.

A fellowservant law is embodied in the constitution.

Corporations are prohibited from owning more land than is absolutely necessary in the operation of their business.

The issuance of watered stock is prohibited, and the books of all corporations are made subject to inspection at all times.

The organizations of corporations, to deal in real estate outside of incorporated cities is prohibited.

A commission is appointed to negotiate the purchase of the segregated mineral lands in the Indian Territory, valued at many millions of dollars, and State ownership and operation of the coal mines thereon is contemplated.

The legal rate of interest is fixed at 6 per cent, and the contract rate at 10 per cent.

A compulsory and separate school system is established.

Commissions are created on Labor and Arbitration, Charities, Insurance, Railroads, Agricultural, Oil, Gas and Mines.

The State is divided into seventy-five counties, twenty-one judicial districts and 105 legislative districts.

The State seal adopted is a combination of the present seal of Oklahoma and the seal of the Nations of the five civilized tribes.

A majority vote is required to amend the constitution.

STUYVESANT FISH

Fish to Fight Harriman.

When E. H. Harriman reached out his almost omnific paw and snatched Stuyvesant Fish out of the chair of President of the Illnois Central Railway system and literally kicked the aforesaid Fish off the right-of-way of the roads he had done so much to create into a coherent and profitable system, folk everywhere were amazed. Yet few of those who knew the fight-

ing qualities of Fish doubted that he would rise and come again.

He has arrived. George J. Gould has made him a director of the Missouri Pacific railroad, which is one of the keenest and most formidable of the anti-Harriman systems.

Fish goes on the executive committee and will have direction of those interests of the MOP that come into direct competition with the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific roads. It is only logical to argue that Mr. Gould thinks he has associated the right man to make plenty of trouble for Harriman and to mightily aid the Missouri Pacific to take over much of the railroad business west of the Mississippi that Harriman has heretofore controlled.

Stuyvesant Fish is a fighter and a man with some respect for the needs and rights of his patrons. He is likely to force reforms that will do much to favor the freight producers of the West and Southwest.

* * *

The Boom for Knox.

The only thing looking to the Presidential contest next year that the past month has brought out is a boom for Senator Philander Chase Knox for the nomination by the Republican national convention.

This movement in the interest of the ex-Attorney General and Pennsylvania's present successor to Matt Quay in the Senate, is said to be in the hands of Senator Crane, of Massachusetts. The latter is a manufacturer and one of the most petrified of the protectionist phalanx in the Senate. Why he should think Knox an available candidate for the Presidency is easily figured out. But what the country thinks of Knox is well expressed by a conservative Republican newspaper in Massachusetts, which says, "the nomination of Knox would unquestionably mean the overwhelming election of Mr. Bryan, if he should be the Democratic nominee."

SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX

President Roosevelt is known to want a man nominated who will carry on the Roosevelt policies and who the people will believe willing and able to do so. He does not favor the Knox boom now, but it is confidently asserted that whenever he becomes convinced that Taft cannot win, he will then turn to Knox.

The Ohio Senators hold a combination against Taft in Ohio that will prevent his carrying the endorsement of his home State. His labor record as a federal judge handicaps him heavily. And Taft himself is frank to say that he does not believe he could be elected even if he were nominated.

Indiana politicians have made it plain lately that Vice-President Fairbanks cannot carry his own State in the election, though he would have its vote for courtesy sake in the national convention.

What then? The process of elim-

ination suggests the narrowing of the field to Knox—or the President himself, to which notion he again says "Nay!"

* * *

Jesse Grant for President.

One of the silly suggestions rising out of this sassafras season is that which brings forward Jesse R. Grant, youngest son of Ex-President Ulysses S. Grant for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. Although the names of Roger C. Sullivan of Illinois, Charles A. Walsh of Iowa and Charles F. Murphy, Tammany chief of New York are connected wth the alleged movement, none of them has deemed the report worth a denial.

Jesse Grant is a very commonplace citizen of California, a college graduate, and an 1896 flopper from Republicanism to Bryan and the Democratic party. Until now no one has ever arisen to accuse him of possessing more qualities fit for the Presidential office than had his father or than has his brother, General Fred Grant.

It is only common history that Grant *pere* would never have been President but for the war-fame with which he emerged from the strife that ended in 1865. The country was ripe for a military hero in the White House, as in the hey-days of Washington, Jackson, Harrison and Taylor. The purpose was forming among Democratic leaders to put Grant at the head of their ticket in 1868, but the opposition of the friends of Secretary Chase and Grant's tergiversations with President Johnson in the Stanton-Secretary of War embroglio, put his nomination out of the possibilities. It was then that shrewd Republicans, opposed to the Thad Stevens and Ben Wade cabal, rushed Grant, the Democrat, to the front and captured his nomination with soldier delegates to the Philadelphia convention.

Was the War Bought?

A Madrid correspondent of the *London Telegraph* declares that official proofs exist in Havana that the *Diario de la Marina* of that city truthfully charges that members of the United States Senate were paid $6,000,000 to secure the declaration of war against Spain in 1898.

The editor of the *Diario de la Marina* is Hon. Nicholas Rivero, whose portrait we present from a photograph given by him to the writer in Havana in 1899. Senor Rivero has

SENOR DON NICOLAS RIVERO,
Editor "Diario de la Marina," Havana.

been one of the chief Spanish statesmen of the Island of Cuba for many years and his newspaper was the organ of Spain and the Captains General up to the time of the American occupation of Havana, January 1, 1899. He is a calm, resolute and conservative gentleman, not given to stirring up baseless sensations or chasing raw-boned roorbacks.

Since he makes the charge that United States Senators were paid to support the declaration of war in 1898 he ought also to have at hand the names of the Senators and the proof that they received the goods. If he has such evidence he has the courage and the public medium through which to present the same.

It will be hard for any one who remembers the frame of the American mind after February 15, 1898, with our eyes turned upon the wreckage of the "Maine," to believe that $6,000,000 or $6 was needful to cause the American Congress to authorize the war with Spain.

Frankly, we do not believe the story. But we would be glad to consider the evidence upon which so trustworthy a journalist as Senor Rivero has founded it.

Also, if the causes of that war are to be raked over, we would insist that the suspended investgation into the cause of the wrecking of the "Maine" be re-opened and satisfactorily concluded.

* * *

The New Treasury Chief.

Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor and later Postmaster General, has succeeded Hon. Leslie Mortimer Shaw as Secretary of the Treasury.

Secretary Cortelyou has never had what is known as "financial experience." His career has been from stenographer through a private secretaryship to a president, secretary to the President and Cabinet officer of three different portfolios.

On the blush it seems a rash adventure for the President to put at the head of the national treasury a person who has had nothing practical to do with the problems of high finance in general or national affairs. Yet, on reflection, one can recall that ministers of finance in this country, as well as in other older nations, have often

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU,
New Secretary of the Treasury.

been men without technical training in monetary science, but who have been masters of management in the handling of public funds for the great economic purposes of national adminstration. Hamilton, William H. Crawford, Howell Cobb, Salmon P. Chase, Boutwell, Bristow, John Sherman, Daniel Manning and John G. Carlisle were none of them professional bankers or financiers of the technical order, yet all of them rank among the greatest of the administrators of the national treasury.

Secretary Cortelyou has the native qualities to make him a worthy successor of the eminent men we have named. He is descended from early French settlers on Long Island and his forebears were of the Revolutionary stock of the nation. He has true patriotism, courage and a rare brand of common sense honesty. He has intimate and diversified knowledge of all Government functions and the relation of the treasury to all of them.

A New Charter Wanted.

Pennsylvania is moving to secure, if possible, a new state constitution. Among the bills pending in the legislature is one providing for the holding of a constitutional convention next December. So many and so varied are the amendments offered to the constitution in both branches of the legislature at this session that the sentiment for a constitutional convention is growing among the members. To make any change in the constitution it is necessary that an amendment shall be approved by two successive legislatures and then endorsed by the voters at a general election. Thus it would be three years before the constitution could be amended, and another year or two before the amendment could be put into effect by legislative action.

One of the most important amendments suggested has for its object the abolition of the February election. This necessitates a number of changes in the fundamental law to permit of the election of State officers in even numbered years, and county and municipal officers in odd numbered years. All officials whose terms are for an odd number of years must have terms of an even number of years, so that the election of their successors will be held at the proper time.

This amendment is endorsed by both reformers and regulars for the reason that it will reduce the number of elections and save money to State and cities.

All the amendments may be dropped if the legislature passes the bill providing for a constitutional convention, which was read in the House recently for the first time. According to this bill the convention is to consist of 150 delegates, three from each senatorial district, one of whom shall be of the minority party. Delegates are to receive $1,500 and mileage. The question of a constitutional convention and choice of delegates are to be submitted to the voters next November, and if a convention is approved by a majority it will assemble at Harrisburg on the first Tuesday of next December. This convention "shall have power to propose to the citizens of this commonwealth for approval or rejection a new constitution, or amendments to the present one, or specific amendments to be voted for separately."

The convention may also provide for the submission of the new constitution or amendments, at a special election, to be held at such time as it may prescribe.

* * *

The Japs in California.

The San Francisco board of education, keeping its word with President Roosevelt, has unanimously rescinded the resolution of last October by which Japanese were segregated in the public schools and adopted an alternative resolution in accordance with the understanding reached at the Washington conference between the President, Secretary Root, the school board and Mayor Schmitz.

The President having telegraphed Mayor Schmitz that he would direct Mr. Devlin to dismiss the suits against the board in the United States circuit court and the supreme court of California as soon as the action stated should be taken by the board, members of that body look upon the Japanese incident as now closed insofar as San Francisco is concerned. There is, however, it is stated, an unwritten reservation to the effect that should the President's reciprocal promises to the board regarding discretionary restrictions of coolie immigration to California not be carried out, the board may feel at liberty to readopt the October resolution and again segregate the Japanese.

President Roosevelt has signed an order putting into effect the passport amendment of the immigration bill.

By McDougal in the Philadelphia North American.

"DIVINE RIGHT" BAER SEES THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS PROCESSION.

The Triple Alliance.

New history concerning the formation of the Triple Alliance between Germany, Italy and Austria. Jules Hansen, who was counselor of the Russian embassy in Paris for fourteen years, makes the revelations.

Hansen says the Kaiser was thinking only of France and Emperor Francis Joseph only of the possible aggressions of Russia and the Slavs in the Balkans. The military section of the convention was prepared with the most scrupulous care. It took into consideration the possible necessity for the union of Austrian and German forces on the Rhenish frontier against France, the union of the Italian and German fleets in the Baltic against Russia and joint operations of the allied armies and navies in the Dardanelles and beyond. Hansen says:

"This information is absolutely exact and one of the reasons Germany always opposed the publication of the treaty was that it contained as many clauses against Russia as against France and that its divulgence only would have hastened the conclusion of the dual alliance by removing Russia's last hesitations."

But the most curious feature of the "history" is the statement that England was at one time practically a party to it.

"In the treaty as it existed before 1902," says the author, "there was a clause, or, rather, a reservation, inserted by the Italian cabinet, whereby in no case could Italy be engaged in a league against England."

In the renewal of the treaty in 1902 M. Prinetti forgot the reserve covering England.

"Great Britain," says Mr. Hansen, "was very prudent and was never more than partly engaged. The foreign office limited itself to declaring that in the event of war between Russia and Austria or between France and Italy in the Mediterranean it was probable that Great Britain would intervene against Russia in the one case and France in the other, without admitting that this declaration entailed upon England obligations as a casus foederis."

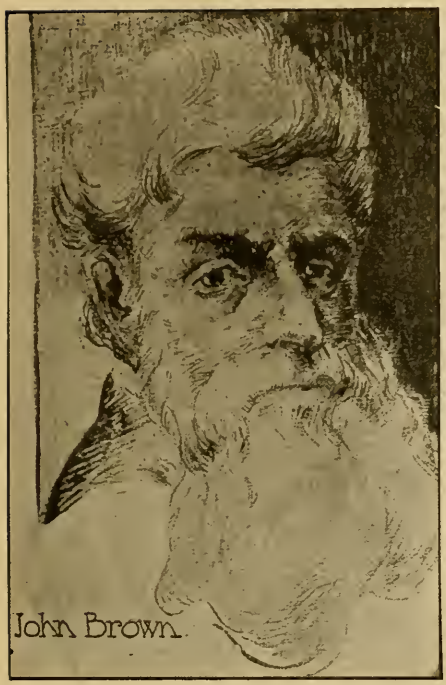
* * *

The Santo Domingo Treaty.

By the ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty President Roosevelt has been made receiver in bankruptcy for that mongrel republic. He is to regard it as "a going concern," provide its government with enough of the nation's revenues to do business with economically, and apply the balance toward the payment of the claims of its creditors.

The proceeding is one that old-fashioned Americans look upon as most novel and dangerous, as a precedent. It virtually commits Uncle Sam to the vocation of "bad debt collector" from American republics for foreign creditors. Now that we have entered upon this new line of business we are likely to be kept busy manning and operating the custom houses of Central and South American countries.

This innovation suggests a future use for President Roosevelt when he chooses to retire from the White House. We might create the office of "International Administrator" and use him advantageously anywhere on the Western Hemisphere where there are disputes between nations to be arbitrated and bankrupt governments to be administered in the interests of economy and debt adjustments. We can scarcely think of a position that would keep him more in the public eye, contribute more to his love of notoriety and employ his tremendous energies in the sort of salvage work that would make for peace and the strict fulfillment of international obligations by our vagarious proteges to the southward. He would be our Monroe Doctrine in breeches and boots.



John Brown Rejected.

One of the last acts of the Kansas legislature was to reject an item of $6,000 to provide for the erection of a statue of John Brown in Statuary Hall in the capitol in Washington. Kansas is one of the greatest and most enlightened States in the Union. Her illiterates are not above 3½ per centum of her total population. She is not behind any State in the ratio of schools, churches and newspapers to population. She owes little of her real fame, her power and her glory to anything that "Old Ossawatamie" John Brown did for her or on her soil.

There is already a statue of John Brown at Lawrence, Kansas, but it is mutilated. A few years ago a bolt of lightning out of the heavens struck off one of its arms. As his efforts nearly fifty years ago came near to wrecking the national capitol with the nation itself, his effigy in that building might draw another bolt that would finish the arrested destruction.

The proposition which the patriotic Kansans killed was made by Bailey P. Waggener, the notorious corporation lawyer of Atchison, a fit representative of wreckers, ancient and modern.

* * *

A Cotton Saver.

It is claimed that one of the most important devices in the history of cotton culture has been perfected by experts of the Department of Agriculture. It is a machine for the removal of the fuzz on cotton seed and for the separation of the light from the heavy seed. The process has been in course of development for about two years and it is the opinion of the cotton experts of the department that its universal use would effect a saving of about ten per cent of the entire cotton crop. As the crop of America amounts to about $750,000,000 a year, it easily can be realized that such a saving would be of vast importance. By the removal of the fuzz from the cotton seed the seed may be planted with an ordinary gravity drill. By the ease with which the smooth seed can be manipulated they can be planted in hills without unnecessary waste and the plants so located can be tilled in two directions. The machine can be made at very small expense, and as the invention is in the hands of the Government, cotton planters who use it will not have to pay royalty for it.

* * *

The Slump in Stocks.

The stock market in New York has been playing on the "bump the bumps" during the month ending and millions of dollars have changed hands, while other millions of water wealth have been pressed out of the railway securities on the market. In a notable speech in Boston, March 14, Mr. Bryan said of the slump:

"Why, the very slump in stocks of

which these men complain was caused by the very men who are complaining; for, instead of recognizing the right of legislatures to enact laws, they shouted that the legislatures must not touch this question. Instead of telling the public that the courts of law would protect investors against injustice, they concealed the fact that investors had protection, and tried to make it appear that the railroads would be ruined; and now, having excited the alarm, they want somebody to rescue them. Today they are getting a taste of the indignation of the public when the public finds out how recklessly some of our railroads have been managed.

"I am going to venture a prediction. In the fight that is coming, the Democratic party will be looked upon as the protector of the small investor against the manipulations of the sharks who have been parading around in Wall street and devouring everything.

"The little stockholder today is beginning to understand that he has been sacrificed to the greed of the great manipulators. A slump in stocks of $1,000,000,000! If I had been President, and that had occurred, they would have laid it upon my shoulders. With a Republican President, the slump occurs and nobody's to blame except the speculators who have been fleecing the public with fictitious values."

* * *

John Bull and the Sultan.

For some twelve years past an English firm has held a Turkish concession to run steamers on the Tigris river between Bussorah and Bagdad. The trade between the ports has grown to be enormous and the Turkish government, instigated it is believed by the Germans who are building the Bagdad railroad, has been trying to cut out the British firm by refusing it the right to put on additional steamers. The Turks have contracted for the other steamers to supply the deficiency of service and England is mad about the arrangement. She wants to control the river as against the railroad, confident that by that means she can hold the great trade now in English hands. The dispute may yet lead to unpleasant exchanges between the British lion and "the sick man."

CAPE JASMINES.

By Hilton R. Greer.

White as the holiest thoughts of angels be!
  Fragrant as kisses from Love's sleeping mouth!
Swift, at your touch, pale blossoms of the South,
  Rise the wraith of long dead memory!

Then, tears—yes, tears! For when I lift you so
  And to my brow your snowy petals press,
I dream—ah, God!—it is the old caress
  Of soft white lingering fingers, long ago!

FIDDLIN' JIM.

By Horace M. Ellington, of Ellijay, Ga.

I.

Away back in the sixties, a'ter the war wuz done,
When people wuz so glad for peace that they didn't worry none,
Afore the years got to slidin' by as if each one wuz greased
And everybody took things easy an' loafed whenever they pleased;
There used to be an ol' feller here—they called him Fiddlein' Jim,
An' stranger; you ain't never heerd no tunes, onless'n you'd a heerd him.

II.

He'd take that ol' brown fiddle o' his'n an' put it under his chin
An' draw the bow kind o' soft like, afore he's fair begin,
In a sort o' gentle prelude that 'ud make you dream o' spring
An' then drift off into a tune, such as the Angels sing
You'd hear the elfin echoes, an' ripplin' o' the streams,
An' all the fairy music heered by children in their dreams.

III.

An' when he'd play "Old Bow-back," "Board-town" or "Spring-place Reel,"
You couldn't keep still to save your life. You'd hear the joyous peal
Of maidens laughing in the corn an' men with harvest songs,
An' all your troubles were forgot an' all your fancied wrongs
An' you'd just want to hop right out an' exercise your feet
An' give expression to your joy—the music was that sweet.

IV.

But times ain't like they used to wuz, the people all is changed,
Prosperity has ruined us all—the whole world is deranged,
The men all in a hurry, the women on the run;
All so hell-bent on gettin' rich, they hain't got time for fun
An' Fiddlein' Jim has passed away like dead leaves in the fall
But you know, I think the tunes he played won't never die at all.

Book Reviews.

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD, by Noble C. Williams. The Franklin Pub. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

An interesting collection of experiences of Southern life during the war.

MY PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS, by Bishop Talbot. Harper & Bros., Publishers, New York.

Contains a great amount of most readable matter, and *the very best account of Mormonism and the Mormons to be found anywhere.*

THE MALEFACTOR, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Pulishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $1.50

Few novelists of the present day surpass Mr. Oppenheim in the construction of an interesting plot, or in the telling of an interesting story.

In "The Malefactor," the tragic element is not quite so deep, nor the dramatic quality quite so striking as in his "Maker of History," reviewed in *Watson's Magazine* some months ago. But to those of us who prefer a book that treads along upon the realities, or what might have been realities, "The Malefactor" is very much more satisfactory than the "Maker of History."

The manner in which a noble man sacrifices ten years of his life to screen a woman, and in which retribution that comes upon the woman through the relentless persecution of the man whom she has wronged, is finely told. Sir William Wingrave perhaps is almost too noble in the way of sacrifice to be natural, and almost too hard when taking revenge to carry one's sympathy, even when he becomes the instrument of just retribution. At no time in the story does the reader warm to him in any very great degree. He stands apart, and moves very much as if he were being rolled about on castors.

The really well-drawn character is *the bad woman.* Lady Ruth is human from start to finish. Lady Ruth is fascinating, as a study, from the first time we see her until she is bowed out of the book,—a punished, chastened and, we hope, a reformed woman. She is beautiful; she is false; she is true; she is hateful; she is seductive; she goes through all the bewildering changes of mood and tense which are familiar to those who know the complex character of some women. Never at any time does the reader thoroughly dislike her; and when she is at length dismissed from the story,—broken, subdued, and yet given another chance,—one cannot help but sympathize with her, and hope that for the remainder of the voyage the weather will be fair, and the sailing smooth.

Perhaps the faultiest bit of construction in the book, is that which represents Lady Ruth as disguising herself, and becoming one of the patrons of a low dancing-house in order that she may secure, through her seductive wiles, some lover who will wreak her vengeance upon Sir William Wingrave. The machinery of the book creaks disagreeably here; one feels that the construction is bungling. Nothing redeems this fault, until the very dramatic scene where Richardson, the instrument of vengeance, penetrates into the chambers of Sir William Wingrave, stabs him, and then telephones Lady Ruth that he has slain her enemy. By this time Lady Ruth has become thoroughly in love with the man who has punished and mastered her; and the furious, female-tigerish way in which she rushes to the rescue of the victim

of her own instrument of vengeance, is thoroughly well-drawn.

Juliette is a most lovable specimen of the pure, natural, artless girl, who by imperceptible degrees blossoms into perfect womanhood, and who by the strength of her love—which indeed has no mock-modesty about it—redeems the erring Sir William,—whose misanthropy has nearly wrecked his own life, and that of everyone else with whom he has come in contact. The manner in which the affection of a pure-minded girl breaks the shell in which Wingrave's hardened resolutions had encased his better nature seems natural enough, though indeed, so far as Wingrave is concerned, one might say it happens "all of a sudden."

Coniston, by Winston Churchill. A novel of modern ways and means in politics and love.

Coniston, Winston Churchill's latest production, is a story of life and love and politics in rural New England. It begins with the spread of Jacksonian Democracy in the North, when Jethro Bass, who afterwards becomes the dominating political influence in his State, was a rude young countryman, and it ends with a gigantic clash between him and the railroad corporations. To the uninitiated it is a revelation of political ways and means.

The setting of the story, in the beautiful mountain scenes of New England, is a very happy one. The characters are well presented and we feel that we know them all, from the hawk-eyed railroad president to the faultless young heroine. A love story, that of Jethro Bass, begins and ends, unhappily for him, in the early part of the book. Another, in which he is not the lover, but the guardian of his old sweetheart's daughter, takes its place and reaches a thrilling climax as the result of his successful struggle with the corporations.

The story is of sufficient interest to hold our attention from the beginning, but the one thing that makes it so well worth reading is the character of the old "boss," a man famed for leadership, who goes into politics for no other reason than to gratify his instinctive love for power, who transgresses the law of right in gaining that power, and who pays the penalty in the loss of that which life holds most dear. He interests us from the beginning, we admire his strength, we pity his crudeness, we regret his misdoings, we sympathize with him in his intense love and his deep sorrow, and we think of him many times after the book is laid aside.

Miss Mamie Graham.

Ruston, La.

The Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones. By his wife, assisted by Rev. Walt Holcomb. Publishers, The Franklin-Turner Co., Atlanta, Ga.

In this well-printed, handsomely bound volume of 512 pages, is embraced all that is necessary to a clear understanding of the career of the great Evangelist.

The initial chapter, written by the wife, is one of the most interesting human documents in existence.

We see the old Kentucky home of the girl who captivates the boy refugee from Georgia during war times; we see the young Georgia lawyer return to Kentucky to claim the hand of the sweetheart who waited for him four years; we see the newly married couple come to Cartersville and begin life amid conditions sadly disappointing to the wife who has been reared in affluence; we see the husband "throwing himself away," idling, dissipating , going steadily down hill; we see the proud Kentucky girl living in a little shanty while her lawyer-husband ekes out a scanty living firing a furnace in a Bartow County mine; we see them shift about from place to place and

can very well picture to ourselves the wretchedness of that kind of life.

Then like a thunder clap comes the death-bed rebuke of the Christian father to the dissipated son, and the awakening of conscience and the better spirit that dwelt within Sam Jones.

After this dramatic incident, there were still years of struggle for the young couple, but their progress was ever upward and onward.

The volume before us deals amply with the growing importance of the unique preacher whose originality and power impressed itself upon the era in which he lived.

THE SPIDER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Hilton R. Greer. Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Ch., South.

It is often curious to note that an author attaches the greater importance to his less meritorious work. Milton considered "Paradise Regained" his best work, but the world has rejected it utterly.

Mr. Greer named his collection after the most commonplace poem in the lot.

"The Spider" has no particular merit; "and other Poems" contains a very great deal of excellence.

"A Village Street" is perfect in its way—a very winning way, too.

"After Much Wandering" is a gem.

"A Smile and a Song" is true poetic conception and suggestion.

"Conquest" is a delightful redressing of a thought as old as literature.

"A Crossroads Schoolhouse" calls to mind, in a touching way, the school days that we knew in the olden time.

"A Rose of Yesterday" is perhaps the treasure of the collection, though *"A Dream in the Dusk"* is rich likewise, in its tender sentiment and beautiful descriptive touches.

THE DRAGON PAINTER. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Publishers, Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50

The Dragon Painter, a story published some time ago by *Collier's Weekly* as a serial, is now out in covers. It is one of the many bright Japanese stories which have delighted the public since Japan began her heroic struggle for a recognized place among the powers.

Tatsu, the Dragon Painter, falls madly in love with. and marries Umeko, the daughter of a painter of the old school in Japanese art. This old painter in order to force Tatsu to put his art before all else compels his daughter, through filial obedience, to leave her young husband and by otherwise meddling causes no end of trouble.

The author, however, carries the lovers safely through the sorrows of the enforced separation and finally when Tatsu sees art through his father-in-law's eyes, reunites them in the Courtyard of the old temple in Tokio.

The book abounds in beautiful descriptions and gives a charming picture of the customs of every day life in Tokio.

The characters are all well drawn, the strong-willed but impractical old painter is the dominating personality of the story while old Mata, the nurse, furnishes a strain of good every day common sense, which runs through the whole book.

CLARE ELLINGTON.

Letters From the People.

Who Owns the Press?

Hon. Thos. E. Watson:

A leading Chicago paper—*The News*—commenting upon the action of the United States Senate, which declares that the employing of women and children in manufacturing establishments is wholly a matter for State regulation, says: "The decision would be more convincing were it not for the fact that Federal authority is taking an active interest in the local manufacture of meats and other food products by its inspection laws and pure food laws."

Is it any wonder that the people move slowly in righting great national wrongs and are often confused and fooled when leading newspapers give their readers such editorial rot as that? They know that the protection of the public at home and abroad from canned, or frozen or embalmed diseases and corruption and the supervision or restriction of public service corporations in the general distribution of disease-breeding stuff is vastly different from interfering with the local individual acts of employers of labor. As different as a saloon row is from an armed rebellion.

What the people of this country greatly need is a thorough knowledge of the ownership and control of the leading newspapers and magazines of the country. I am convinced that the facts would show that 90 per cent of them are controlled directly or indirectly by illicit wealth gathered within the last 30 years—since I have been an active newspaper worker.

About 25 years ago the Standard Oil Company inaugurated a system of paying a regular monthly stipend to all editors and publishers of newspapers in the oil country of Pennsylvania who would accept it; and they extended the system into Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana. The pensions ranged from $25 a month to $150 a month. The sole condition the Standard pirates imposed was that the Standard should be left entirely alone, its affairs or men should not be discussed in any way. As the Standard in many ways has served as an example, so all trust and corporate interests have found many ways to lay pecunious and paralyzing hands upon the press of America. Some grant pensions direct, some own important part of stock, some owners of newspapers are let into profitable companies and grow fat on plundering schemes which might otherwise be exposed in their newspaper. Some of these rotten tainted organs doctor news reports and boldly lie about facts in their editorial columns; others adroitly assume utterly false statements to be facts and learnedly argue to specious conclusions and fool some readers, like McCormick Reaper owned Chicago *Tribune*.

Hence everything that throws light on the ownership of newspapers and the influences around those who control them will greatly help readers to estimate at a true value all they contain.

The American people can be implicitly trusted to do right and to take care of themselves at the ballot box if they can get correct information. W. L. Scott, one of the coal barons of Pennsylvania, once said: "We will control the people when we get 'em where they eat up today what they earn tomorrow."

That is the hope of the plutocrat. When it takes all the effort and

thought of the masses to keep the wolf from the door, there will be no time and little inclination to study or understand ways and means which lead to the bettering of moral, intellectual, social or physical conditions.

Why would not a full, comprehensive airing of the ownership and environment of the Press in America be an excellent thing for the new Tom Watson's Magazine? Could the truth be gotten to the people?

SUBSCRIBER.

The Ship Subsidy Swindle.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 1, 1907.

MR. T. E. WATSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:—As a reader of your Magazine I have a suggestion to make concerning the Ship Subsidy Bill now before Congress.

On the Great Lakes iron ore is carried for 75 cents a ton, on an average haul of 900 miles (I understand there is a handling charge of 19 cents per ton, to be deducted from the 75 cents). I have heard the statement made that freight is carried per tonnage mile cheaper on the lakes than anywhere else in the world. With means at your command you should be able to find if this is true.

I am a sailor and read marine papers, but have never seen a comparison between lake and ocean freights (amount paid for carrying cargoes.) There are newspapers in every port of importance that makes a feature of marine news, giving arrivals, clearances, charters and freights (amount paid for carrying cargoes), and should be able to give facts concerning handling charges that a ship has to pay and amount paid for carrying per ton or bushel.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* is the foremost lake paper making a feature of marine news and The New York *Herald* on the Atlantic coast.

The general argument put up is that a short haul costs more than a long one. In deep water trade there is seldom a shorter haul than the longest haul on the lakes (994 miles Duluth to Buffalo). 900 miles is longer than the average haul. The figures given are for 900 miles at 75 cents per ton to a tonnage mile.

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The rate of wages paid on lake are higher than on the ocean.

Wages Paid on Lakes:

	Per month.
Ordinary seamen	$27.50 to $37.50
Able bodied seamen	45.00 to 65.00
Firemen	45.00 to 65.00
Cooks and stewards	70.00 to 80.00
Second cooks	27.50 to 37.50

Ocean Wages do not Exceed:

	Per month.
Ordinary seamen	$15.00
Able bodied seamen	30.00
Firemen	35.00
Cooks and stewards	60.00
Second cooks	20.00

On lakes the lower figures are for from opening of navigation to Oct. 1st and higher figure is paid after Oct. 1. And figures given do not apply to coast wise trade but to deep water trade.

In my 15 years of sailing I have never seen as high wages paid on ocean vessels as given above for ocean vessels. The wages paid on the lakes for seamen are the highest paid in the world. In sailing vessels on ocean the wages are 20 per cent lower than steam vessels, and on the lakes about 12½ per cent higher than on lake steam vessels.

I don't know the exact wages for licensed officers on ocean-going vessels but can get these from most any

U. S. Shipping Commission of any coast port. On the lakes the wages are according to class of vessel. For second mates $70.00 and $80.00; for first mates $90.00 to $115.00; third engineers $75.00; second engineers $100.00 to $115.00 and chief engineers $125.00 to $175.00 per month. Board is included to every seaman. (Every member of the crew is a seaman except the master according to U. S. law).

Now I think if this was followed up it would be interesting to the public. *The Marine Review* of Cleveland, Ohio, is the foremost marine paper advocating the bill. They will not answer this question. Hoping that this will help to prevent the highway from going through, I am,

Yours for success,

SAILOR.

Feb. 19, 1907.

THOS. E. WATSON, ESQ., Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—I enclose my check for $1.50 for your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE for a year. I have the February number but shall be glad to have a copy of the January issue. You can then date my subscription so as to send me eleven other copies.

I am particularly interested in your Magazine, as I hope at last to see in this a long cherished hope realized—a high-class *Southern Magazine*, not Southern in any objectionable sectional sense, but Southern in that it will stand for all those things which we of the South have always held dear, whether matters of religion, morality, personal freedom or politics.

I trust, too, that it may be the means of developing literary talent in our home people, as well as furnishing a medium for the publication of the great but almost unknown work of past years.

Wishing you every success in this venture, I am,

Faithfully yours,

WILLOUGHBY READE.

Latin American Peoples.

It is a matter of great importance for the American Government, in regard to ruling its ex-Spanish possessions, to be aware of the real character of these Latin races, for it is impossible to govern and control colonies without being thoroughly acquainted with the idiosincracy of their subjects. Some American newspapers and magazines have contributed a good deal toward underrating this valuable knowledge in that they have published mediocre accounts of these countries, thereby nourishing the mind of the American people with fables concerning the real customs and characteristics of these races.

There are at present eight ex-Spanish countries whose inhabitants are descendants of the Latin race, viz: Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, Santo Domingo, the South American republics, Porto Rico, Panama, and Florida. The blending of Spanish, Indians, French and Ethiopians in these countries has produced a race peculiar to each of these sections of which we cannot form an idea without studying them close by and without prejudice.

The Cubans for instance are sincere and amiable, they appreciate and try to repay all favors bestowed upon them. They are hospitable and gallant, good friends, dangerous enemies, yet never treacherous. They are a mixture of Spanish, French, and Ethiopian stock and are supposed to be the best Spanish spoken peoples in the ex-Spanish colonies. They are an idle though intelligent race; the upper class of them is highly educated and refined.

The Filipinos and Porto Ricans are the most nearly alike in some respects of the Latin races. They are deceitful and treacherous—you cannot trust them. They are hospitable but not generous. They are intelligent and have a taste for the arts.

The South American born can be

classified as a Cuban in all his characteristics.

The Mexicans are a strange race, passionate in their dealings and given to vengeance. They are intelligent and ambitious, excellent though overgenerous friends.

The Santo Domingans are goodhearted though mistrustful and not very intelligent. Most of them belong to the Ethiopian and Spanish mixture.

Of all these races which are to a certain extent very similar, the Mexicans, Cubans, and South Americans stand ahead of the others. They surpass in language and customs. Socially and intellectually they stand at the level of any living race.

EUGENE FREYRE.

Geneva, N. Y., P. O. Box 4.

The British Money Invaders.

NASHUA, IOWA, March 1, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

I have read, and read, and again re-read, your speech of Jan. 22, 1907. I regard it as a most remarkable production. Its fact, analytic and logical presentation of the questions involved, should be in the hands of and read by every farmer and wage worker in the land. If printed in leaflet or pamphlet form, I am satisfied that a million copies could be put in the hands of more than two millions of readers. The public display of such facts and comparisons, should move millions to the ballot box in a lawful, peaceable, yet almighty determination to cast out of existence the last vestige of the British money powers in these U. S. A. That will surely come in time, though thousands be crucified.

Fraternally yours,

L. H. WELLER.

A Good Thing to Take.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—Your Magazine for January, February and March has just been received and I am pleased immensely, and am going through it like killing snakes. My advice to every voter in the United States would be, to take WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, for the reason, as he states, that it stands for all that is best in the life of the people and the future of the republic, as well as setting forth, in words that burn, and cannot be mistaken, the dangers that threaten us, and the duties we should not fail to perform at the ballot box, to ourselves, our God and our country. A solid North against a solid South is the greatest evil that confronts the people of this nation today.

EDWARD C. WADE.

STRIVINGS.

By Mary Chapin Smith.

In dear illusion from the meadows green
Upsprings the rainbow's arch; the pot of gold
Is ever on beyond, and hope grows old
In long pursuit of joy unknown, unseen,
Of whose bright glory one may only glean
Soft sparkles and a glimmer; days untold
The footsteps follow after visions cold
Of full achievement nigh, that mock the keen
And swift desire; they follow visions fair
That once within the grasp but fade in air;
So ever on up wintry steeps the chase,
And still that radiant figure veils her face;
Still that divine unrest burns in the soul
That tells of whence we come, whither the goal.

Farmers' Union Department.

Join Boys.

The Rambler wants to advise every farmer and every working man who believes in political reform and popular rights to join the Farmers' Union. We can do nothing without organization, and if the wealthy corporation bosses didn't organize and pull together even they, with all their wealth and influence, wouldn't amount to much in influencing legislation. The Union is not a political order, but it is educating our farmers, and if they will be instructed they will, of their own accord, vote right when any reform is offered the people. If the working men and farmers vote right they will get all they are looking for.

In union there is strength, and all of the trades that have formed a union command good wages, while those that have not organized get poor wages.

Cotton should be priced in the South—say at New Orleans, Atlanta or Charleston—and not in Liverpool, our heaviest buyer; and if our boys will pull together we will accomplish this thing, and then the South will blossom like the famous wild rose.—*Rambler*, Cordele, Ga.

Farming is Changing.

By L. H. Bailey.

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable, and attractive business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becoming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient thinking men can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The very fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a marked man, The growth of the institute movement, of the grange and other rural organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It seems to me that, by the very nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a very large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the indifference and sometimes the opposition of educators—the very men who should have known better—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a genera-

tion. It is probable that the proportion of students of the leading agricultural colleges who now engage in agricultural pursuits is greater than students of that of colleges of law or of other professional colleges who follow their chosen profession. No one now questions the value of education to a lawyer or physician; why question its value to a farmer? The educated man will go back to the farm if he is fitted to be a farmer. —*The Century.*

Texas Farmers Will Control Cotton Market.

The Farmers' Union of Texas is formulating a plan to raise sufficient funds to bale and store cotton for sale direct to manufacturers. This fund will be raised by a levy on the members.

It is estimated that to take care of a crop of 3,000,000 bales which they expect next year, it will take $10 a bale, or $30,000,000.

A levy on each member of $150 against his crop will be necessary. This will cut out all local buyers as well as cotton merchants and give the profits direct to the farmers.

The next step expected to be taken will be toward establishing co-operative mills in which the cotton raisers will be shareholders.

President Calvin is confident that this end will be effected. Already much progress has been made toward the carrying out of the plans.—*The People's Voice,* Norman, Okla.

"BACK TO THE WOODS."

By Thomas Harrison Daniel.

When I see the snow a-fallin' on the red roofs an' brick walls,
An' the birds a-lookin' everywhere fer eaves,
Frum the slipp'ry, sloppy sidewalks ter the tops of highest halls,
An' a-cryin' in their longin' fer the leaves,
It al'ays makes me wonder why these simple little things,
With a world o' woods and knot-holes all aroun',
Will persist in crouchin' up an' closin' tight their little wings,
Jes' ter hang aroun' the streets an' be "in town."

But I guess the birds is wiser 'bout their business than me,
An' I'd better be a-sweepin' 'round my door;
Fer whut's the reason I am here among the many things that be
Only sich as ter remind me that I'm poor—
What's the sense o' me a-stayin' where there ain't no brooks an' trees,
An' no grass is ever green upon the groun',
Ef it ain't jest that same reason I'm a-layin' up ter these—
Jes' ter hang aroun' the streets ter be "in town."

I have tried the bloomin' country, an' I'm in the city now,
An' I've lived a spell in villages as well,
So I reckon if there's anyone that re'ly ought ter know
Where is best fer common honest folks to dwell,
It's me; an' soon as I kin sell them patent leather shoes,
An' a few more useless things that's lyin' 'roun',
Yer kin smoke it in yer pipe—I'll let the Dagoes an' the Jews
Do my hangin' 'roun' the streets ter be "in town."

Press Opinion of Us.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE —the real thing—published at Atlanta, Ga., by Hon. Thos. E. Watson, whose name is familiar to readers throughout this land as the Populist candidiate for President of the United States in 1904, has been received at this office and read and re-read from cover to cover. Mr. Watson in his new publication—his own publication —the ONLY publication now in existence with the real Thomas E. Watson spirit, honesty and courage—WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE—explains about how he became tangled up with the New York publication known as *Watson's Magazine.* Mr. Watson had received offers repeatedly by letter and telegraph of ten thousand dollars a year on the editorial staff of Hearst's New York *American,* but he was opposed to accepting a position that would necessitate his leaving the scenes of his boyhood in Georga, as his own words will show: "My ancestors helped to clear the primeval forests off these old red hills Georgia, and I love them as I could love no other land under the sun." However, soon after the national election of 1904, Mr. Watson visited New York City, and while there, Col. Mann called upon him at his hotel, but we will quote Mr. Watson's own words as to his first meeting with the frisky old Colonel who is known in Gotham as a blackmailer of considerable ability:

"Colonel Mann burst in upon me, at my hotel, in all the glory and pomposity of white whiskers, white hair, wine-colored face, spotted waistcoat, gold-headed cane, bay-window belly, eyes that looked like hard-boiled eggs and a voice thick with high living and constant use. As I may have remarked before, he looked just like a picture taken out of a child's colored picture book. While he talked to me, I sat there trying to make up my mind as to which he resembled most, an idealized portrayal of Santa Claus, or of John Bull, or of John Barlycorn. I finally decided that he would do for a composite photograph of all three. This funny looking chap I had never heard of before. His *Town Topics* I had never seen—didn't know of its existence. He introduced the purpose of his visit by saying that he had heard of Mr. Hearst's proposition to me. If I had committed myself to Mr. Hearst, he had no more to say; otherwise he had a propositon to submit. Told that I was free, he outlined his project. He would finance a great national magazine, if I would edit the same. Casually and lightly, he mentioned $100,000 as the amount he would risk on the venture. With that amount he had made *Smart Set* 'go,' and he did not doubt that a like amount would make another magazine 'go.' "

"Smart Set" is the name of a publication owned by Col. Mann, and *"Town Topics"* is another one published by the Colonel—both in New York City. It seems that *"Town Topics"* has been used as a sort of literary lever for lengthening out the legs of the Vanderbilts, Astors and other high-rollers, whenever the Colonel decided that they would stand lengthening. But at the time Mr. Watson was induced to enter into the publication of *Watson's Magazine* in New York City, Col. Mann's real character was unknown to the world. Some months later the Colonel was arrested on a charge of blackmail, attempted blackmail or something of that nature, and the case is now pending.

As soon as Mr. Watson discovered the true character of this "funny-looking old chap" described above, he withdrew from *Watson's Magazine*, and has commenced the publication of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE at Atlanta, Ga., and it's a stem-winder from the first page to the last. Old Colonel Mann is now trying to run a *Watson's Magazine* with Watson left out, but it's like a strawberry short-cake without the strawberries. It will never work right. The Colonel may be dead onto running a little leg-pulling publication around New York City, but to attempt to compete with Tom Watson in giving the public a magazine of intelligence, interest and absolute reliability, the Colonel is too young.

Mr. Watson's well-known reputation for honesty, truthfulness and courage, justly inspires confidence everywhere, and his wide knowledge of politics and politicians, his familiarity with law and governmental affairs, etc., and his rare ability as a writer and wonderful conception of what will please and at the same time benefit, enable him to issue one of the best and most thoroughly entertaining and instructive magazines in America, and we feel confident that after reading one number of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN, you will be found scrambling for the next one. It is bright and entertaining from cover to cover.

Mr. Watson has his own cartoonist, Mr. Gordon Nye, and he's a jewel in every sense of the term. In fact, everything and everybody connected with WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN are all right. One can get more pleasure and learn more from one issue of it than he could from a year's reading of a good many other very pretentious magazines. Watson has 'em all skinned on magazines.—*Donham's Doings.*

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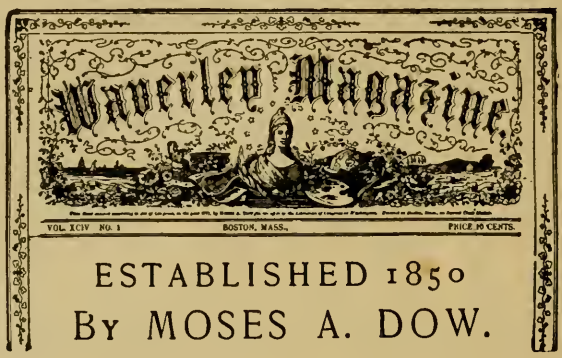

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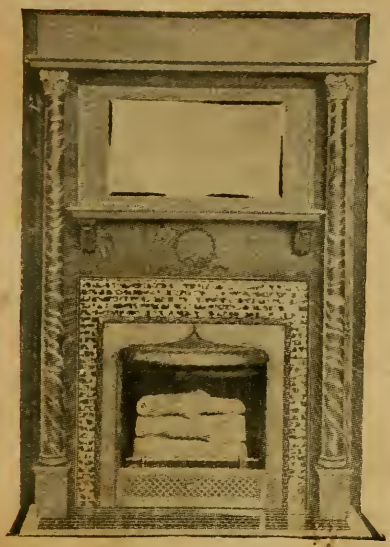

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